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SWAINE

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THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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TOWN BOYS ON FARMS

A VALUABLE report on this subject is printed in the new number of the Journal of the Bath and West and Southern Counties Society. It is by Mr. Thomas E. Sedgwick, who took personal charge of the boys included within the scope of the experiment. It may be remembered that more than a year ago a Committee of Managers of Working Boys' Clubs approached the New Zealand Government for the purpose of inducing them to try fifty lads on the farms, the plan suggested being that the youths should be apprenticed to approved farmers under an agreement. After the preliminaries had been duly carried out, the boys were selected from the London and Liverpool applicants. They were between sixteen and nineteen years of age, and consisted of the very people that it is found most difficult to provide for. Some were of the number who begin as telegraph boys and are dropped when they pass the age limit; some had been doing such jobs as driving vans, which lead to no future; a few were in work; a number classified as "very poor," or as unemployed. It was not considered necessary, however, that a boy should "qualify" by being out of work, as it was felt that to send a batch of failures, many of whom might even be wastrels, would not be fair to the Colony, and of very little advantage to lads at home. All that a boy had to do was to produce

a medical certificate, two good characters, a good previous record and a written authority from his father for the Secretary of Labour at Wellington to act as his guardian and to apprentice him to a farmer. Each had to produce £10; but this was advanced from funds that had been privately subscribed. At the same time, a suitable outfit was given to each boy, and an easy rate of repayment arranged.

The experiment turned out better than its most sanguine supporters expected. On arriving at Wellington, on January 24th, 1911, it was found that the Labour Department had selected sixty out of the two hundred and fifty offers received from farmers to take the boys, and each youth was given a choice between sheep-farming, dairying or fruit-growing in the North or South Island. When the selection had been made, parties were made up and sent off under the care of officers of the Department. Be it remembered, these youths were of the town, towny. They knew nothing of country pursuits and little of country objects; but they had been well warned beforehand of the dulness and other objections which they might reasonably take to Colonial life. In the event, however, they turned out, in the words of Mr. Sedgwick, who accompanied them, "quick, active and versatile." They learned their work rapidly, and the employers were so delighted that in many cases they doubled the wages they had promised before seeing the boys. The average earnings now are 9s. to 1s. a week for the first year, 15s. to 22s. for the second year, and as much as 20s. to 23s. for the third year, with clothes, board, lodging and instruction. Now, it will be observed that the boys had no need to lay out money at all, although in some cases an additional 5s. a week was paid them to provide their own clothes; but the keynote of success appears to have lain in the apprenticeship and the banking of wages. The boys are in the way of learning thrift, and at the end of three years will be in the possession of from £80 to £100 each.

So far all had gone well. The Dominion President of the Farmers' Union wrote to say that a thousand similar boys would be welcome, and are, indeed, badly needed; but objection rose from a quarter whence there should have been no danger. The Trade and Labour Party, who regard immigration with the greatest suspicion, as being "calculated" to increase the number of labourers, and therefore diminish their own value, got up a strong opposition to extending the movement, and it seems, therefore, to be ended as far as New Zealand is concerned. This policy of the Trade and Labour Party is much to be deprecated. It is extremely short-sighted. If workers were encouraged to go to New Zealand, the result would be an enormous development of the country and a corresponding increase of the population. The labour exponents argue that any addition to the ranks of the workers is an injury to them, because it means the introduction of competitors; but this is by no means true. Work everywhere makes work. The more people are got into a young country like New Zealand, the more wants are there to be supplied. An army of workers needs to be fed and housed and clothed; consequently their presence causes activity among those who provide those necessities of life. It causes land to be brought into cultivation, and not only so, but to be made as productive as is possible. It enables other resources of the soil to be developed, and thus gives a much-needed fillip to native manufacturers. Of course, it is no new thing for the Labour Party to oppose immigration. They have done so consistently for a period of time now to be counted by decades, and they feel so strongly on the point that no one tries to educate them, chiefly from fear of rousing their enmity. They are holding New Zealand back in the race in which other Colonies and other countries are engaged, and the worst of it is that, according to all accounts, the newly-arrived Englishman is a better worker than the New Zealander, between whom and his Mother Country there are two or three generations. The atmosphere seems to induce a certain languor which is not to be noticed in those workmen from the British Islands who make their way into New Zealand. Other Colonies have offered to give the system a trial, and it is hoped that the jealousy of the Trade and Labour Party will not make itself felt in them as well.

Our Portrait Illustration.

A PORTRAIT of Lady Dorothe Feilding forms the subject of our frontispiece this week. Lady Dorothe Feilding is a daughter of the Earl of Denbigh.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY



NOTES

A CORRESPONDENT who was present at Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton's lecture at the Æolian Hall on Monday night sends the following account of the performance: "Sir F. Carruthers Gould, who admirably filled the part of chairman, made an unobtrusive, but clever, defence of the lecturer's attitude. Probably there was only a small part of the audience, which consisted largely of the gentler sex, who appreciated the fact that Sir Francis was dwelling on highly controversial ground. He drew an analogy between Dickens finding thoughts for the odd London characters introduced into his novels and Mr. Thompson Seton doing the same thing for the animals of the prairie. Needless to say, he upheld the method on the plain, common-sense ground that the end justifies the means. Mr. Thompson Seton makes his natural history interesting, and so places his method in a sense beyond the range of criticism."

The lecture itself may conveniently be divided into two parts. In giving the results of his direct observation, Mr. Thompson Seton was splendid. The way in which he illuminated the footmarks of a fox on the snow, as he followed them, was as convincing as it was delightful. Here there was nothing exaggerated, unless it was a little accentuation of the difference between the fox and the dog. His account, too, of the bears which he had studied from a hole made near the garbage heap of the hotel in the Yellowstone Park was at once acute and fascinating. On the other hand, the very dramatic history of the old wolf whom he treated as a kind of robber-hero, full of guile, but falling in love with a beautiful little white female and ultimately having to succumb to the hunters through his affection for this Delilah, was away from the track of sober natural history. The story goes far to account for the antipathy shown to the methods of the lecturer by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt and Mr. Burroughs. This characteristic was accentuated by the lecturer's style. Those who have been accustomed to the dry monotone of the average English lecturer on natural history must have felt surprised at the sight of the alert, springy figure of the dark Spanish-looking man, his dramatic gesticulations and tones and the style of speaking closely resembling those of the popular actor. However, it was all very interesting, and the audience showed by very close attention how much they enjoyed it."

It is curiously significant that the great milk supply companies have expressed a readiness to reduce the price of their commodity earlier than was expected, because the strike has affected consumption so greatly that they can do this with convenience to themselves. We wish it were otherwise. Milk, after all that has been said about its adulteration and pollution, still remains the most wholesome foodstuff for young people, and it is most regrettable that it should be one of the first articles to be cut out of the poor man's budget when hard times come. It ought in reality to be the very last, for there is more nourishment to be obtained from a pint of milk than from any possible quantity of coffee, tea or the other drinkables that are supposed to be indispensable.

We are indebted to a correspondent for a copy of "Deutsche Jäger-Zeitung" of March 10th, which contains an article relating to the little owl, *a propos* of a quotation in our issue of October 21st, 1911, from Captain Aymer Maxwell. In that quotation it is stated that the little owl is one of the worst enemies of the game-preserver; and it is this indictment that the author of the article does his best to quash, from his own experience and that of others in Germany. According to this evidence, the little owl, like the majority of its tribe, is essentially a mouse-hunter, and although it may, doubtless, now and again poach a partridge or a pheasant chick, it generally leaves game alone.

In the same paper Professor Paul Matschie of the Berlin Zoological Museum is giving an illustrated account of some of the more interesting heads of red deer shown in the eighteenth Antler Exhibition at Berlin. Professor Matschie, it is well known, has a great weakness for giving names to local forms of animals, and in the issue of the aforesaid journal of March 10th he proposes no fewer than four such technical names for local types of German red deer, in addition to at least one which had been published at an earlier date. Even if the differences on which such supposed local races are designated be constant, they are so slight and insignificant that nothing is gained by conferring local designations upon them; and the multiplication of such needless names is rapidly tending to make zoology an almost impossible science. It would be easy to give examples did they not make confusion worse confounded. Among exhibitors of notable heads are H.M. the King of Wurtemberg, H.M. the King of Saxony, H.R.H. Prince Adalbert of Prussia and H.R.H. the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar.

THE NIGHT-SONG OF THE SEALS.

Along the rocks where the seaweed waves its fronds of glistening brown,

When the sun sinks under the gold-green sea and the deep dark night comes down,—

When the great white moon comes over the cliff, the twinkling starlight dimming,—

Out from the rocks and in from the sea, through the smooth waves we come swimming.

And there in the peaceful silence we splash and swim and play, Lashing the quiet water into showers of moonlit spray; Sinking slowly downward through the still and darksome deep, Then rising to the surface in one swift rushing leap.

Then the sea-elves dance in the moonbeams, clad in shimmering green,

And tell us tales of the distant seas and the lands which they have seen;

And the mermaids, crowned with their glistening hair, sit on the rocks by the caves

While their strange sad songs of the northern seas echo across the waves.

But when the velvet blackness of the Eastern sky grows bright, The elves all vanish in a flash of green and silver light.

The mermaid's songs grow fainter and we silently swim away, As the darkling water sparkles green in the light of the rising day.

V. N.

Great satisfaction will be felt at the rapid way in which funds are mounting up for the purpose of purchasing a new site for London University. In eight days the total has reached an amount of no less than £305,000, the latest gifts being £100,000, £75,000 and £70,000 by donors who desire to remain anonymous. This wish to give and not to take credit for giving has been manifested on several recent occasions. It is a very creditable one. In these days of advertisement, it is far from being unusual for large sums to be devoted to charitable or other objects with the main purpose of perpetuating the name of the giver. We do not contend that this is anything but a laudable ambition; surely there can be nothing wrong in a citizen of the Empire wishing that his name in future ages shall be associated with some beneficent institution or public charity. But, on the other hand, humanity has always greatly valued those who give by stealth and blush to find it fame. They are, at any rate, acting in the true spirit of the teacher who said, "And now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

Arrangements have now been made for the sixth International Horse Show, which is to take place at Olympia from June 7th to 29th. So high a standard has been set up by the management of this meeting that it must be difficult to live

up to it; hence, we suppose, the long and laboured preparations. The decoration of the place in itself is not only a work of art, but one that involves a tremendous amount of labour. But the most important point of all, of course, is the drawing up of the programme, and one of the items most deserving of attention is the military riding display. This involves a competition which is keen among those engaged in it, and is also a very great attraction to visitors. The prize-money amounts to the enormous total of £13,500. It sounds a great deal, but if the management desire to retain their reputation for producing the best horse show in the world they cannot afford to give less.

No more abominable example could be found of the contempt which some incumbents have for church furniture than is supplied from Great Witchingham in Norfolk. It came to light through the application of the Rev. Percy Gethen for the removal of certain old pews. He did so on the ground that they were not part of the original furniture and were really a disfigurement of a fine old church. At Norwich Consistory Court, the fact was disclosed that some of these old pews had already been removed and sold for the sum of twelve and sixpence to a builder; afterwards they had been used as pigsties and pigeon-houses. The rebuke administered to him by the Chancellor was certainly not more than he deserved, and we are glad that he was ordered to find out where the pews were, so that, if necessary, they could be restored to the church. This is not the first occasion by many in which valuable parts of a church which have been transmitted from the past have been degraded into articles of ordinary use on the farm or homestead. It might have been hoped, however, that such a vandalism had now become a thing of the past, not to be easily revived in the twentieth century.

Sir William Ramsay brought out a very original and striking idea at the opening luncheon in connection with the exhibition of the Smoke Abatement Society in the Agricultural Hall. It was his prophecy that the time is rapidly approaching when it will be unnecessary to bring coal to the surface. He says that gas retorts would be built in the bowels of the earth so that the miners' work would be reduced to boring. The coal would be ignited as it lay and the gas only would be brought to the top. Sir William Ramsay is scarcely the sort of man to indulge in any rash forecast of the future, and no doubt he was speaking with a definite plan in his head. The efforts to secure the abatement of smoke in London have not failed of success hitherto, as anyone may see for himself if he is old enough to remember the state of things that existed fifteen or twenty years ago and compares it with the comparative smokelessness of to-day. One excellent result has been the very perceptible diminution in the number of London fogs. It is several years since we have had a real "pea-soup" one. For this reason alone, if there were no other, we would extend a benison to Sir William Ramsay, Sir William Richmond and the others who laboured unweariedly for the better regulation of the chimney.

Anyone whose business it is to listen to or read the warblings of the many poets, male and female, who begin to utter their native woodnotes wild as soon as spring flowers come and the birds begin singing, know how difficult it is to find new expression for a phenomenon which is as old as man and yet new every year. We came across one who had surmounted the difficulty the other day. His name is Mr. W. H. Davies, who is widely known as a literary tramp who has written many fine verses; but the passage we refer to is in prose. It occurs in his new book "The True Traveller," and because it is as simple and unaffected as a bit of the "Morte d'Arthur," we quote it: "I made up my mind to leave London for the summer months and get the benefit of fresh air and green scenery, if little else. For spring sets our thoughts to wander, and it is often as much as men can do to prevent their limbs from following." Whoever knows what good English is will recognise that Mr. Davies has earned this unusual attention.

We are rapidly approaching that period in spring when heath fires are apt to occur, the reason being that last year's herbage left to dry in the thicket becomes as inflammable as tinder when the rainy season has passed and dry, sunny weather sets in. Every year it is becoming the custom to raise an outcry and a lament for the fires that occur on heath and woodland; but it would be more to the purpose if those interested would take Time by the forelock and do their best to prevent the conflagrations. It would not be very difficult to do so. There are far more people interested in preserving than in destroying. As far as the mischief done is deliberate, whether on the part of thoughtless children or malevolent adults, it can be stopped merely by keeping a sharp eye on the commons. No one is likely to begin a fire under hostile eyes. Accidents, if they cannot be altogether prevented, can at any rate be made much

less harmful. These fires inevitably have very small beginnings, and even those that have raged over many acres and cast down great trees in their progress might at one time have been stopped easily enough.

"A Stated time," says Adam Smith, "is a hedge to duty, and defends it against many a temptation to incursion and omission." To translate the political economist's formal language into homely phraseology, there would be no plum-pudding were Christmas not kept, nor pancakes without Shrove Tuesday. This is the principle on which the observance of Arbor Day is defended in its original home at Eynsford. It will be celebrated for the fifteenth time on Saturday, our nominal day of issue; and the visitor to that peaceful village, if he wishes to see its monument, has only to look around. The effect of the planting done on early Arbor Days is now plainly visible in roadside pathways planted from one end of the parish to the other with handsome trees. More planting is to be done, so that the village will not only retain its old characteristics but will have added many beautiful features to them. Hitherto the expense of Arbor Day has been borne by one or two individuals, but it is hoped that the public will now come forward and relieve the strain upon private generosity.

ACROSS THE WEALD.

The acres of thy stubborn clay
Bear farms and trees. I count and claim
The clump of pines, the roof tree grey,
Made mine because I tell their name.

Nay, rather mine because I know
The inarticulate heart which beats
Where the great downs watch herdsmen go
By field ways, and through village streets.

MAUDE GOLDRING.

Trout, like many other of the products of Nature, are reported from almost all parts to have come into condition earlier this year than usual. The rivers in general have had a very full flow of water in them, and certainly the fish were returning to the bigger rivers, out of the small streams, unusually early. There was every likelihood, with the early growth of aquatic weed and development and activity of the insect-life dependent on it, and on which the trout again are dependent for recovering their condition after spawning, that they would be healthy and vigorous much before the normal date. And there is not a doubt that trout and trout streams very badly need favourable circumstances at the moment. There has been a great deal, of late, of artificial stocking of waters with trout, in many cases, it is probable, in excess of what the food supply in the water can properly nourish, but the worst effect doubtless has been that of the poisoning of the rivers by the tar effluent from roads and other sources of evil. The rivers badly wanted a thoroughly good flushing, and they will be the better for it, though while the evil streams are still permitted to flow into them their state never can be satisfactory.

In another part of this issue a correspondent draws an obvious contrast between the two different ways of treating an otter, as exemplified respectively in the extraordinary and barbarous hunt which took place in London at the end of last week, and the treatment accorded to an animal of the same species by Dr. Francis Ward, in the exceptionally fine and vivid photographs which we published in our last number. In one case a crowd, who acted very much after the manner of ill-conditioned schoolboys, rushed after the poor beast and chivied him from place to place till the inevitable man with a gun appeared on the scene and put an end to the wretched animal's life and terror. The naturalist acted very differently. He placed the animal in a close approximation to its natural haunt, succeeded to some extent in winning its affection, and studied it with results that appear in the splendid photographs we showed.

The glad time is at hand when we shall see the spring migrant birds returning, and shall hear their chorus. They come, as is often said, not too exactly, following their food. It is true that they come to a place where they have been taught an instinctive trust that their food will be, but to say that they "follow it" suggests rather a false picture, as if they were to see their insect prey going northward in swarms, leading their way. Migrations of this sort there are, and instances are familiar—fishes of prey follow the shoals which form their food as these pass from part to part of the ocean, and sea-birds

wait upon them overhead for the sake of the fishes that they can snatch on the surface. When we have an invasion of voles, a host of owls, hawks and other vermin-killers accompanies it and helps to modify its destructiveness. The most familiar case of movement of the kind is in the human race—in the Lapps, who follow the migration of the reindeer, which

is the all-important creature in their life. When the herds begin to move in spring to the higher lands the Lapps go after them, and return with them again to the lowlands in autumn. All these are strictly cases of following the food. With most of our migrant birds it is a little different—it can be said they go where the food is rather than that they follow it.

WOLF-SHOOTING EXTRAORDINARY.

DURING the past year (1911) wolves were less numerous in Eastern Montana than at any other time during the last twenty-two years. In my own district this happy result is probably due to the private efforts of a syndicate of ranchers, who made the munificent offer of forty dollars for every wolf killed (exclusive of the State bounty of ten dollars), and have paid out three thousand three hundred dollars on this account in two years. Mr. R. L. Lowrey, a ranchman near Glendive, is president of the association, and is ably seconded by Mr. J. D. Johnson, a stockman near Fallon, of whom more anon. Their most successful operative is a "wolver" of tenacious purpose and great endurance, named Maurice Barret, who follows on horseback any fresh-found wolf track in the snow, sometimes camping on the trail at dark should no ranch-house be available. The hunted animal, unable to baffle or shake off so relentless a pursuer, at last seeks the asylum of despair in a badland cave, whence it is relentlessly smoked out and shot. By this method Barret has killed thirty-seven wolves, or exactly one-third of the total number of one hundred and eleven wolves (old and young) obtained in the two years. Large private rewards for wolves have also been offered in other parts of the country (notably by Mr. J. H. Price at Knowlton), and the loss from these pests, estimated at from ten to twenty per cent. of the annual increase of the herds, will be greatly abated in consequence, always provided that unscrupulous trappers abstain from the well-known trick of liberating she-wolves to multiply for the bounty.

The passing of the wolf from those remote solitudes which it shares with the golden eagle and the mountain sheep may

be allowed to inspire a pang of regret while we admit its remorseless attacks upon livestock. Like the eagle and the sheep, the wolf is ineffaceably associated with the wild nature of the badlands, and, like them, has almost reached the vanishing-point. Away where river wavelets lap the bases of sheer adobe clay buttes, which rise tier upon tier to the sky in impassable grandeur, or down in deep gorges between high ranges, crowned with cedar thickets or scoriaceous cliffs that overhang red precipices, where straggling windswept pines are rooted on the verge of steep slopes amid the tumbled fragments of porous volcanic rocks—here may we find the typical home of the Montana wolf.

Such a crafty animal as the wolf is scarcely ever obtained

in a fair sportsman-like manner with the rifle, and therefore the bag of three wolves made in three consecutive shots by Mr. W. R. Felton (an engineer for the Chicago, Milwaukee and Puget Sound Railway) was a remarkable feat, being unquestionably the Montana record for wolf-shooting, and probably a world's record as well. On the afternoon of September 22nd, 1909, Mr. Felton was superintending the construction of a highway to the railroad of Calypso, through the wild badland range which fringes the north side of the Yellowstone, opposite Terry. A drenching thunderstorm had rendered work impos-



A TYPICAL HOME OF THE MONTANA WOLF.

sible for the rest of the evening, and, taking his rifle (a 30-calibre Winchester with a box-magazine), the engineer started off to explore an unusually rough tract of buttes a couple of miles distant. He had not gone far before he came upon numerous deer tracks, and though it was still the close season, he hoped to enjoy the pleasing sight of the animals themselves. To progress noiselessly on ground which had been rendered soft

and slippery by the recent deluge was a difficult matter; but about sundown he reached the desired viewpoint of a high sandrock ridge and peered cautiously over. Before him, stretched out on the black gumbo promontory, commanding a wide prospect over the all-encompassing brakes, lay a yellow beast, watching intently, which, at the first glance, suggested a mountain lion. Only the man's head showed above the skyline, but the wary beast at once perceived him, and, springing up, revealed an immense wolf, which trotted towards the highest portion of the same divide, passed from view for a few seconds and reappeared on the crest of the ridge, where it stood to look around, silhouetted against the sky. Although the distance was great (over three hundred yards), the hunter knew by former experience that a more favourable chance was never likely to occur. He therefore drew a bead on the wolf and had the gratification, as the puff of smoke cleared away, of seeing the carcass



A DEAD SHE-WOLF.



THE "WOLFERS'" CAMP.

go rolling and sliding down the steep side of the butte.

Evidently startled by the noise, a second wolf loped up the ridge and stood to reconnoitre on the identical point from which the first had been so skilfully evicted. A second unerring bullet sent this wolf tumbling headlong almost on the track of its predecessor. The report had scarcely died away when, to the great astonishment of the shooter, two more wolves appeared standing on the original resting-place occupied by the first wolf. Once more the rifle rang out, and once more a wolf fell mortally wounded, vainly struggling against fate as it slid down the butte to join its dead companions in the gulch. The fourth escaped, accompanied in its flight by a hitherto unseen fifth wolf, which emerged after the last shot. The hunter, naturally much exhilarated by this performance, scrambled across the intervening gulches to inspect the victims of his prowess. The first wolf was shot

directly through the shoulders, and the second six inches further back through the spine. Both were lying close together, but the third wolf had succeeded in dragging itself into a water-hole, from which it was pulled out with difficulty. The last had received a flank shot, the bullet ranging forward to the left shoulder. All three wolves were males. The first animal killed (a very old one, with teeth much worn) was of a yellowish fawn colour. Of the other two, one was all grey and the other brownish, with grey head and neck. Both these were young wolves of about eighteen months old. The engineer, accompanied by an assistant with a chain, returned to the spot next morning and measured the exact distance from his position at the sandrocks to the wolf ridge as three hundred and fifty-one and one-third yards. How Mr. Felton happened to surprise a recumbent wolf in daylight can be explained by the characteristic of old members of a pack to take a lively interest in the gambols of the younger ones. The old wolf was doubtless pleasantly engaged in watching the youngsters disporting



ORPHANS.

themselves when he unexpectedly became a target for the engineer's bullet.

Another similar surprise episode occurred on January 12th, 1895, when I was camped on Cedar Creek, which runs into the Yellowstone near Glendive. My companion was following deer tracks in the snow, when, turning a corner of the badlands, he came suddenly upon the back view of a big wolf seated upon its haunches and so completely absorbed in watching nine young wolves at play that it did not notice his approach. The hunter killed the unsuspecting animal with a ball through the neck at close range, but, lacking the deadly skill of Mr. Felton, he suffered the rest of the lupine brood to escape. The carcass of this wolf (also a paterfamilias) was packed whole to camp and found to weigh a hundred pounds.

Although naturally timid, the wolf makes a most devoted mother, and will not hesitate to risk her own life for her pups, more especially when the latter are young. In the fall of 1909, Johnson (a member of the wolf-destroying syndicate already mentioned) lost six foals from the depredations of a she-wolf, and felt convinced that her den was in a tract of badlands adjoining his ranch. After a brief search he came upon a number of wolf tracks in a pool of water, also marks where playful wolf pups had worried the sage brush and, finally, close by, the now unoccupied den in which the lupine family had been reared. Continuing his search for their present abode, he suddenly caught sight of eight observant young wolves which, on taking the alarm, at once disappeared into a washout. His first impulse, to intercept them so as to get a shot, was arrested by the sound of numerous short, sharp barks about a third of a mile away, which he readily recognised as proceeding from their mother; and, leaving the pups to look after themselves, he prepared to stalk the ravening brute which had inflicted on him incalculable damage. The wolf, which could now be seen approaching upon high ground, boldly lay down on a butte and entertained her pursuer with an unceasing concert of barks and howls. Johnson presumed that the anxious parent, becoming aware of his presence in her domain, desired to draw his attention from her progeny to herself by this seemingly imprudent conduct. This being precisely his own plan of operations, he began to ascend one of the numerous washouts which wound in sunken alleys about the vociferous animal. In due course it was his pleasurable achievement to survey his quarry's gaunt form through the Lyman sight at one hundred and fifty yards, and as he is an unerring shot who seldom pulls a trigger in vain, he congratulated himself that her days of rapine were over. It is a trite saying, however, that we should not count our chickens before they are hatched, and it happened that on this occasion the hunter was using a borrowed rifle (a Winchester 25/35), unaware that the owner had filled the magazine with short target ammunition instead of the usual long cartridges. The consequence was that an ineffective bullet merely knocked up the dirt some three inches below the wolf, which immediately jumped up, tucked her tail between her legs and vanished down the opposite side of the butte. Vexed beyond expression, Johnson, nevertheless, indulged the hope that the beast might have been wounded by a ricochet; but on reaching the ridge he found no sign either of a wound or of the wolf. Beyond was a deep and narrow washout, thickly fringed on both sides with rank overhanging sage brush, which he was preparing to overleap, when from immediately below a wolf sprang up and ran full speed down the narrow channel of the gulch. On account of the over-spreading sage brush he could not take aim, but the dense growth ceased for a short space before the gradually widening tributary debouched into the main washout. At this all-important spot Johnson held his untrustworthy rifle, and had the satisfaction of seeing the galloping beast collapse with a well-placed bullet in the neck. It proved to be a young male of about seven months old, almost as large as the mother; and although the distance from the shooter was again one hundred and fifty

yards, the bullet's slight penetration had done the work. The hunter now searched for the rest of the family, but only a few single tracks could be seen leading in different directions. The wolf "obligato" had evidently been given with the twofold object of distracting the foe from the young, and of warning the latter to scatter and hide. They had done so like a covey of flushed quail.

E. S. CAMERON.

IN THE GARDEN.

PERENNIAL PLANTS THAT FLOWER IN AUGUST.

THOSE who are fortunate enough to spend the greater part of their time in the country, and consequently see their gardens under the different seasonal aspects, know only too well that the herbaceous border is frequently at its worst during August; yet that is the only month of summer that a great number of business and political people are able to spend at their country residences. On this account there is a widespread demand for plants which will be in flower during that month; and as planting-time is still with us, I propose to give a list of the best August-flowering perennials.

In *Anchusa italica* we have a beautiful rich deep blue-flowered perennial some three feet or more in height. Rather taller, and even better, is the form known as the Dropmore variety, while those who appreciate pale blue flowers should plant the one named Opal. Bees are very fond of the flowers, and the plants will grow in almost any open and well-drained situation. The Japanese Anemones, or Windflowers, are also in excellent condition in August. They like deeply-cultivated rich soil. There are numerous varieties, some with white and others with rose-tinted blossoms. Two of the best are alba and Lord Ardilaun. *Anthemis tinctoria* will give us a compact plant some eighteen inches high, clothed with yellow flowers from June until well into October. It will thrive in any well-drained soil, and is, perhaps, the most useful of the Chamomiles. For a moist spot in the border, or by the side of a pond or stream, the beautiful red-flowered *Astilbe* or *Spiraea Davidii* is excellent. It makes a bold plant about four feet high, and though comparatively new, can be purchased cheaply.

Several of the *Campanulas* give us their blossoms during the month under notice, but the best of them all for the border is *lactiflora*, sometimes known as *celtidifolia*. It is a beautiful plant some four feet high, and is, when well grown, most charmingly bedecked with its dainty pale blue flowers. For the rock garden in August the graceful little *Harebell* (*Campanula rotundifolia*) must not be omitted. There is a white-flowered form of it, but I prefer the blue. *Centaurea macrocephala* is another bold border plant, the yellow flowers being borne on stems about four

feet high. Then there are the Globe Thistles, with their metallic blue armoured flower-heads, the one known as *Echinops Ritro* being particularly fine, a good companion to it being *E. ruthenicus*. They will thrive in almost any soil, but like an open position.

Eupatorium purpureum will give us its flat heads of purple flowers during August and early September, and as it grows five feet or more high, it is an excellent plant for the back part of the border. Even taller and more stately is the beautiful perennial known as *Helenium grandiflorum*, its rich yellow flowers being produced in profusion from the end of August until well into September. Well-enriched soil and a moderately open position are its requirements. *H. pumilum* (one foot) and *H. pumilum magnificum* (two and a-half feet) are other good members of the family. Nor must we forget the perennial Sunflowers, the best of which is the tall-growing *Helianthus Miss Mellish*. Of dwarfier stature and suitable for the front of the border are the beautiful *Heucheras*, the best for our season being *H. brizoides* (rosy pink) and *splendens* (crimson). *Inula macrocephala*, four feet high, large yellow flowers; almost any of the Torch Lilies or Red-Hot Poker Plants; *Linaria purpurea*, five feet high, purple flowers;



A SCOTCH LASSIE TO THE RESCUE.

the Loosetrifes, *Lysimachia clethroides* (white), and *L. quadrifolia* (pale yellow); Montbretias; Phloxes in great variety; *Rudbeckia grandiflora* and *R. Newmanii*, the former five feet high and the latter two feet; Golden Rods and the beautiful Sea Lavender known as *Statice latifolia*, are all eligible for our list. F. W. H.

THE GARDEN-WARBLER.

I HAD been showing a small group of rustics some "wild bird" photographs, thinking some such little attention might bestir in them a more friendly regard for the feathered tribe of the neighbourhood, when, as the package was being returned to my pocket, one of the party, with a gesture evincing sudden thought, volunteered to show me a nest. I was led down a grassy byeway leading to a small spinney and,



PATERNAL SOLICITUDE.

in a dense mass of brambles growing by the wayside, he pointed out what I immediately recognised to be a garden-warbler on her nest. Heedless to my pleadings to let her remain undisturbed, he shook the brambles sufficiently to cause the garden-warbler to disappear quietly into the cover beneath. I pronounced the name of this little summer migrant, and my friend accepted it in silence. His natural history had completely failed him, and he confessed, as we turned to leave, he had "never 'eared of it afore." Replying to a further enquiry, he seemed disappointed when I told him the site was quite prohibitive to photography. It was not surprising that these youths were unable to identify the bird, it being absolutely without distinctive mark, simply being a little darker on the back than below. It has, however, a pretty little song, not very long or of great variation, but, nevertheless,



A PATIENT LITTLE MOTHER.

sweet. The bird is not so addicted to gardens as its name might imply, for it is to be found nesting frequently enough among the ragged growth in or bordering woods and plantations.

As boys we always looked upon a clump of wild honeysuckle as a very likely place wherein to find a garden-warbler's nest.



MEAL-TIME.

Quite possibly the notion may have had some justification; it seems an enticing place for such a bird to build, but isolated successes have a happy knack of lingering in the juvenile mind, and herein possibly lies the origin of the idea. I suppose that because I had not photographed the garden-warbler before and the fact of my friend pointing out a nest to me, explained why I set out on one or two evenings following to look for another nest at which I might be able to do some photographic work. As the result of my search I found two nests, containing one and five eggs respectively, and decided, provided all went well, to utilise the nest last mentioned for my purpose. It was admirably placed, and I anticipated some pleasing results, for, after all, a good site is half the battle. However, the sun continued to shine with unabated vigour, and day followed day without any camera work being done, until at last the young reached an age when it would have been imprudent to try, and my project was defeated, at any rate so far as that nest was concerned. I still had the other one in reserve not more than fifty yards away, and here I was able to secure some photographs and enjoy the additional interest derivable from photographing a species not before attempted.

I found the garden-warblers the most docile little creatures imaginable; nothing that I did seemed to alarm them, and I was able to take liberties that considerably facilitated the manipulation of the camera. I believe they have a reputation bearing out my experience in this respect. It was extremely astonishing to notice the enormous caterpillars and similar tit-bits these youngsters of two days old were capable of devouring. Sometimes it was almost pathetic to watch the desperate efforts necessary on their part to despatch an extra large mouthful. The heat prevailing at the time seemed to be causing the parent birds considerable fatigue. In a very panting and gasping condition they frequently stayed to brood the young, and the restful manner in which they settled down with closed eyes suggested to the onlooker that they were glad indeed of a brief cessation from the onerous task of food getting. The little naps, however, only lasted until the return of the other breadwinner, when the "stay-at-home" was up and off on another foraging expedition, and so the day wore on, rest and work being equally shared between these two busy nesting folk; and a last glimpse before I finally forsook the

garden-warblers revealed the capacity of the nest being sorely tried by a very wide awake and well feathered young family.

JAMES H. SYMONDS.

THE UNIVERSITY SPORTS.

THOSE who had the courage to go to the Queen's Club last Saturday—and some courage was needed on so wet and depressing an afternoon—were duly rewarded. The rain stopped just as the men were toeing the line for the Hundred, and thenceforward, till the moment when Baker came racing away from Anderson in the Half-mile and made the match a tie, one excitement succeeded another.

"We can beat Oxford all right, but I'm not sure that we can beat the United States as well," was the rather bitter remark of an old Cambridge runner just after Macmillan had won the Hundred. His doubts proved well founded, for Ziegler, the Rhodes Scholar from Iowa, duly won the Weight and the Hammer, the latter after a perfectly interminable struggle, and gave Oxford two most valuable points. His was one of three double victories in the course of the afternoon, the other two being won by Cambridge men—Macmillan in the Hundred and the Quarter, and Ashington in the Hurdles and the Long Jump.

Of the three, Macmillan may fairly be said to have been the hero of the day. His Hundred in even time, upon a wet track, was very fine, and he once more showed his tremendous speed by coming right away in the last fifty yards; but the Quarter was the race of the day. For any use that he made of him, Macmillan might

as well have had no second string, for he dashed ahead from the start and made all his own running. Anderson, knowing well how fast Macmillan could go, was clearly determined not to let him get away, and so the two raced away at a pace that seemed really terrific, even though a quarter-mile race is one long-drawn-out agonising sprint. At the last corner Anderson seemed almost to have caught his man, and looked for a moment like coming away, but Macmillan was not to be caught. He looked terribly exhausted



CHANGING PLACES.

for the last hundred yards, but his strength and stride and pluck carried him through; it was Anderson who fell away and Macmillan who gained, to win, completely run out, by a good three or four yards in 49 2-5sec., a time that beat by one-fifth of a second the record set up by Fitzherbert in one of his historic races with Jordan.

This finish of the Quarter was a glorious moment, and so was that when Jackson won the Mile for Oxford in another very fine time—4min. 21 2-5sec. This was a most interesting race from a tactical point of view, and Jackson probably owed not a little

enthusiasm that grew with every lap. No one was more excited than Mr. C. N. Jackson, who at one moment ran frantically by their sides, telling them they would "beat fifteen if they hustled a bit." First Porter led and then Gawan-Taylor went ahead. They spurted visibly along the back stretch, and fairly sprinted helter-skelter down the straight, Gawan-Taylor just keeping his lead and winning in a time that has only once been beaten in the University Sports.

Ashington's long-jump of over twenty-three feet was a distinct achievement, and he is a fine jumper, with a most graceful and effective style. The High Jump, which came earlier in the afternoon,

and was won by Masterman of Oxford with 5ft. 8in., was commonplace by comparison, and yet it provided one of the most critical moments of the sports. Nicklin of Cambridge was safely over 5ft. 7in., and Masterman had twice missed, and had thus only one more jump left in which to save himself and his side. These last jumps must



THE FINISH OF THE HUNDRED.

to the admirable running of Moore, his second string. The two Oxford men and Clarke of Cambridge were running all together at the beginning of the last lap, Moore leading. Clarke determined to make his effort early—too early, as it seemed—and Moore lured him on to his destruction; he ran himself right out in keeping the lead, and ran Clarke out, too, in doing it. Nothing could have suited Jackson better: he hung behind, looking all the time like the winner, crept up at the end of the back stretch, and, once in

be horribly nervous, unpleasant things, but Masterman rose to the occasion nobly and cleared the bar so comfortably that nobody was surprised at his ultimate victory. He has not got that curious half-turn of the body in mid-air which generally marks



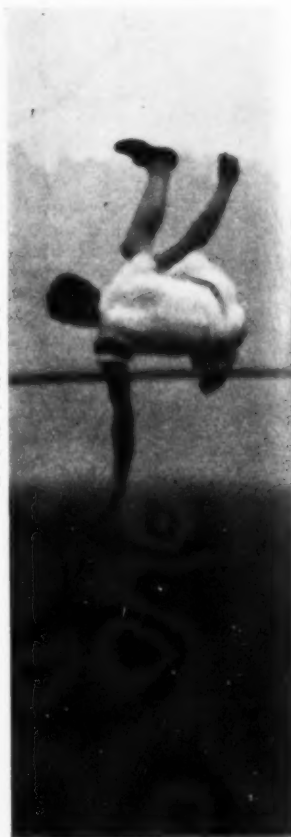
MACMILLAN MAKING A RECORD.

the straight, had the race at his mercy. What is more, he ought to have it at his mercy for the next three years, for this is his first year, a thought very cheering to Oxford.

The Three Miles was not a race at all, regarded as a struggle between two teams, because the Cambridge men were utterly out-classed, as everybody knew they would be; but it provided a truly heroic contest between the two Oxford men, Gawan-Taylor and Porter. Porter won last year, and Gawan-Taylor turned the tables on him in the match against Yale and Harvard in the summer. This race was the conqueror, and the two ran right away from the field, with not more than a yard between them, amidst an

race was as thrilling as need be. With but three hurdles to go, Ashington had a comfortable lead. Then he knocked down the eighth hurdle and the Cambridge supporters shuddered. Over went the ninth hurdle too, and Cambridge groaned aloud. It seemed as if Ashington must be beaten, for Macdonald of Oxford had now caught him. Over the last hurdle Macdonald seemed to have a slight lead, but Ashington came with a great burst of speed in the run-in and won by a yard.

Altogether it was a great day's sport, and whether or not there ought to be an odd event, only the very ungrateful among the onlookers can have come away from the Queen's Club disappointed.



MASTERMAN JUMPING.

the exceptional jumper; but, possibly on that account, his style is very graceful and easy.

Those who were most ill-used by the weather were unquestionably the hurdlers, who had to run on turf that looked unpleasantly dank and heavy. The time of 17sec. was probably considerably better than might at first sight appear, and, at any rate, whatever the exact merit of the performers, the



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

TEMPTATION.

BY

J. L. DICKIE.



IN the far north of "Caledonia stern and wild" is a little village called Roryston, and near it brawls the Quaich, a grand little salmon river celebrated both for the numbers and size of its fish. Roryston is a peaceful hamlet given over to the industry of "wyving," and no sportsman, from the millionaire rubber magnate to the Cockney clerk who plies humbly his "angle" at the Welsh Harp of Hendon fame, considers his outfit complete without a pair of the "braw stripit" topped stockings for which Roryston is justly famous.

Most of the inhabitants spent their spare time playing "gowff" on a rough nine-hole hillside course, but one or two of them were desperately keen fishermen. Of the latter, perhaps Rab Tamson and the Reverend John McGollach were the most notable. Rab was the local Selfridge, a man of (so "they said") many bawbees carefully hoarded, and a greedy ferret-like temperament which ill accorded with the Uriah Heep-like sleekitness which appeared on the surface. Rab cast a fine fly, and I never saw a better man at throwing a minnow, with what seemed endless coils of line round fingers, some between his teeth and a few yards hanging loose. He was a past master. The Reverend McGollach—or simply "auld Gollach," as he was called behind his back—was equally good with the fly, and, moreover, could busk a decent one, which Rab could not; but the minnow fairly got "ower him," for his line snarled up into a dozen knots at nearly every cast, and led not infrequently to unclerical language.

The Reverend John was a stout little man with red hair and eyes of greenish hue, which gave him a hungry panther look. This "look" served him in good stead, and even the most brazen in his small congregation daren't "tak' the sneeshin'" with that eye upon him. He was a good theologian, a magnificent wrestler with "auld Horny" in his lengthy prayers from the pulpit—rumour says that on one occasion he prayed without a halt for twenty-five minutes, and that when he finished Davi' Rait, the keeper, whispered to his wife: "I'll warrant the de'il's sweatin' after sic a trouncin'." His one fault was jealousy, and as he had but two passions in his life, fishing and gardening, the former in particular became an obsession with him, and he simply loathed to hear of another getting a heavier fish or bigger basket.

Rab was equally jealous, and the two were sworn enemies at the water-side—only; for leave fishing alone and they were excellent friends. Anyone knowing them well could easily tell this, for they were terribly polite to each other when they met on the river bank.

Along the glebeland belonging to the manse the Quaich jingled noisily for a good half-mile and contained two very good salmon pools, the Kailpot and the Kelpie they were named. The Kailpot was just under the manse windows, and his reverence had on being "eleckit" parish minister of Roryston taken the back room overlooking the pool for his study. Many a time and oft, as he sat there composing his weekly "dressing down" for the sinners of Roryston, had he jumped to his feet with a "Guid sakes, *what* a fish!" as some monster *Salmo salar* had risen with a gargantuan splash a few feet from the open window. He loved every ripple of that lovely little river; every tree, stone, fence by its side had for the Reverend John a history and a memory. There by the muckle oak at the end of his garden he had years ago run for three hours—and lost—the biggest salmon he had ever hooked; by the blue stone with that tempting swirl at its back he yearly killed the first grilse at Roryston. It was a grand mild October day, the sun shone in at the open window and the gentle westerly breeze ruffled the leaves of the now reddened Virginia creeper in a sleepy dirge. The minister was in his easy-chair with a bandana handkerchief laid across his face, as he slept stertorously after his morning sermon. It was unnaturally hot for the time of year, and after a good dinner of broth, mountain mutton, a dish of rhubarb and thick cream he had drunk his "fly" cup and settled to a well-earned rest.

But his slumber was of short duration, for a skelping splash in the pool outside made him start up, and as he sprang from his chair and ran to the window he was just in time to see an enormous tail disappear in the depths. "My certie, *what* a tail! I'll warrant he's a bigger than that one I lost at the oak tree years ago, and he was five-and-forty pounds if an ounce."

Putting on an old wideawake hat and adjusting his carpet slippers (a present from an elderly spinster in his flock—he was a bachelor), he scrambled out of the window, carrying in his hand an old opera glass which had been his mother's. He walked down the grassy slope to the pool and sat down by the edge of the water. Drawing a well-blackened "clay" from his trouser pocket, he proceeded to fill it with twist tobacco, and having carefully replaced the "dottle," he struck a match and held it over the bowl; he kept his eye on the spot where the monster rose, and a severely-burnt finger resulted. His pious "damn" had scarcely ceased echoing when up came the brute again head and tail.

"A rising fish, and this the Sawbath! Eh, it's sore temptation; but I'll no fall," and rising he turned resolutely back to the house. His feelings during the next half-hour any keen fisherman can better sum up than I can describe.

At three o'clock Mary Fowler, his housekeeper, came in with his tea, and though much upset, he did ample justice to the sweet buttered scones, bannocks and home-made blackberry jam. Just before leaving the room Mary turned round. "I was washing up the dishes, sir, a while ago, and oot o' the kitchen window I saw the biggest salmon I ever saw i' my life."

"Mary," roared the Reverend John, now exasperated beyond endurance, "ye ha' been with me ten years, and ye ken fishin's the breath o' life to me, and ye stan' there temptin' me like the de'il himsel'—away wi ye."

Mary, wrath at this onslaught upon her, gave him a parting shot as she banged the study door—"It's some like Satan reprov'in' sin I doot, for wha did I see glowerin' at thet same fish half-an-hour syne? An' I'm no sure I didna hear a 'damn' float down the wind!" Poor John, that unfortunate "damn" was meant for the burnt fingers, not because it was the Sabbath when he daren't fish.

But worse was to follow. At half-past three Rab Tamson came, as he always did, to talk to the minister about the evening service. "Good evenin', Maister McGollach, ye're no lookin' verra weel. What's—?"

"I'm all richt, Rab, but I was havin' a wee sleep and I'm drowsy kind." But Rab knew better; those flaming green eyes had been occupied by other business than slumber. Rab seemed uneasy, too, the minister thought. He was right, for after they had lit their pipes there was a silence which could be felt. The minister looked hard at Rab and Rab glared back as he commenced: "I'm no just the thing mysel', an' I think I'll bide at hame an' no' gang tae the Kirk—maybe a peel wad do me good."

In a second—for McGollach was no fool—it flashed on the pastor that there was more here than appeared on the surface. "Aye, that's queer, Rab. Ye're lookin' verra weel too. What's yer symptoms?"

"Oh, I'm just some giddy like, and a queer feelin' i' the small o' my back—some shivery too."

"Dearie me, that's bad," and McGollach rang the bell.

"Mary, just you rin ower and tell Dr. Havers to come here at once."

"Oh, now, Minister," said Rab, who had the grace to blush, "I'm not *that* bad."

"Ye are. Ye're sickening for something and Havers *must* see you."

In a few minutes old Dr. Havers entered. "Well, McGollach—well, Rab—what's the matter?"

"Rab's not feeling at all weel"—here the minister winked hard at the doctor—"and if I were you I'd give him a black draught and send him to bed with a mustard poultice on the sma' o' the back—that's where the pain is, isn't it, Rab?"

"M' yes," muttered Rab, sheepishly.

"Come away wi' me now, Rab," said Dr. Havers, "an' I'll give yer wife my directions."

Rab disposed of, the minister wended his way to the church, where, to the congregation's entire astonishment, he preached a splendid extempore sermon on "Temptation."

He came home and, after supper, rang the bell for Mary. "Mary! I'm sorry I spoke roughly to you in the afternoon, but I was 'put out'; wake me the very minute it is daylight, and here's half-a-crown for your vigil, for ye'll no go to bed and ye'll no sleep till ye wauken me."

"Thank ye, sir, but what about the elder (Rab)?"

"He's no weel, and he's in bed this minute wi' a mustard poultice on the small of his back," chuckled McGollach.

Mary laughed heartily. "Weel, his illness was sudden, for I saw him keekin' thro' the bushes on the other side the water when you were lookin' for that fish."

The minister now roared with laughter. "I was right; I've mistaken my vocation, Mary, for I diagnosed salmonitis the moment I saw him en- here."

At streak o' day Mary wakened his reverence, and, wrapping well up, he took the heavy twenty-foot Greenheart rod and went down to the pool. It was a soft, grey morning, with a westerly wind, and the lights of day, all bronze and gold, were keeking through the Eastmost sky. Not a sound to be heard save the river, and the occasional hoarse chuckle of an old cock grouse in the moor above. Putting on a new cast with a three-inch "Mar Lodge" fly at the end of it, the minister made his first cast.

Meanwhile, how fared it with Rab? He went to bed furious, after a large black draught and a huge mustard poultice on his back, both administered by his wife, a strapping termagant who "wore the breeches" in the Tamson household. The crowning indignity was when she took his clothes away and, saying "Good-night, Rab," locked the door on the outside. Rab lay and thought of that glorious fish until he could bear it no longer, and feeling sure his wife had by this time gone to bed, he tore off the offending poultice and flung it under the bed. At dawn he rose cautiously and proceeded to search for some sort of clothing. All he could find was a petticoat and jacket of his wife's, and these he donned for lack of better. Letting himself out of the window, he carefully "shinned" down the waterpipe and descended to the ground. Hurrying to the outhouse, he seized his rod and fly-book and rushed down the road to the river. Mr. McGollach had scarcely made a dozen casts when he saw he had forgotten his gaff, and hastily repaired to the manse to get it. When he returned a most astonishing picture met his gaze. There was Rab on the other side,

standing on a slippery rock, clad in a bright tartan petticoat and a black and white striped woollen jacket, bare-footed and with nothing on his head. He was fishing with a fly, and in his rage throwing a perfectly tremendous line.

"Good heavens, man! Awa' hame to yer bed. You'll get your death o' cold standing there half naked."

"It's to you I'll thank my cold and my nakedness," roared Rab; "I didna think it o' ye, minister, but it'll be a fine tale for the village, aye, and the Presbytery forby."

"Ye're a silly fool and must go your ain gait," said Mr. McGollach.

"Weel, it's a fair fecht, and we'll see wha kills the fish," shouted Rab, grimly. Nervousness made McGollach catch his line in the tree behind him, and each time he did so Rab laughed hilariously. But presently, when the minister's line tightened with a jerk, and his reel began to skirl, Rab shouted, "Ye've got him, ye devil; haud tight, and I'll come ower and gaff him."

Yes, it was the monster, and in an hour's time the sweating parson managed to get him within reach of the stone on which Rab was standing. But, alas! the stone was slippery, and in a flash Rab was in the roaring torrent.

"Haud him hard. I'll be out in a wink," shouted Rab, as he swam, gaff in hand, to the edge and climbed out, looking like a half-drowned terrier. Next time he succeeded, and swung the mighty fish ashore. A knock on the head, and between them they bore it in triumph to the manse kitchen. Here Mary weighed it, and the scale turned at forty-six pounds.

Rab was soon stripped, dried and dressed in a suit of the minister's, and the two foregathered over a strong glass of toddy and a pipe. "Man, Rab, ye're a sportsman, for if ye'd hooked it I felt tempted to come over and offer to gaff it and miss it on purpose. You're the better man, Rab."

"I ken ye better than that, Minister; ye'd hae done naething o' the kind; but there's nae doot it was to us baith a *saft* temptation."

IN A WESTMORLAND VALLEY.

AS the North mail crawls up the Shap incline, and then thunders down from the summit towards Carlisle, of a winter's afternoon, I have often looked out at the heaving shoulders of the snow-patched Fells, and renewed my vow to go and visit my friend X., whose cottage lies in one of the valleys hidden behind a ridge on the cloudy skyline towards the west. I have visited X. in summer (one has "permission" for the whipping of a trout stream which is unique in Westmorland), but always X. has assured me that in June his dale is not at its finest—X. is no fisherman!—and that I must come to him when the trees are bare and the moors hoary with frost. Not until a month ago have I been able to accept this invitation; but now I know that X. is right.

X. is an artist, and in such matters he always is right. No one but an artist would live, as X. lives, in such a remote spot from year's end to year's end and never feel the loneliness of it. Eight



Ward Muir

THE EDGE OF THE FELS.

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hundred feet above the sea stands X.'s cottage; five miles from the nearest shop, further still from the railway, yet—as I remind him when he is in the mood to prate of the Simple Life, which he has never lived and never will live—that white-washed cottage is a centre of the most sophisticated civilisation. Arriving after the cold drive in the motor, one passes through the oak-beamed hall into the studio, and lo, one has stepped into any one of the dear familiar workshop-living-rooms of St. John's Wood or Kensington or the Quartier. Except that the light is provided by oil instead of by electricity (and X. will put a turbine into the beck soon) one might be in London, for a studio is a studio all the world over. Here are the latest novels on the shelves, here are the easels and canvases and the frames leaning against the wall in the corner, here is the bench at which Madam X. makes her silver and enamel jewellery, here are the kettle warming on the hob and the tray of



Ward Muir.

ACROSS THE VALLEY.

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cups and cakes on the table, and here is Madam X. herself, in a business-like but none the less delightful overall garment, rising from her work to welcome the guest and infuse the tea. The Simple Life? Nonsense! Go into the bare kitchen of the nearest sheep-farm, bookless and pictureless, and one will find the Simple Life. Here one sips one's Suchong and talks politics or literature or the theatre, and the only hint of simplicity within range is that the newspaper at one's elbow is twenty-four hours behind its date.

Having disposed, however, of X.'s one foible, the belief that, living in a cottage, he lives a life in the slightest essential degree different from that lived by his fellows in their flats in town, one may concede that, out of doors, the atmosphere has a quality unobtainable further South. Rising in the morning, I looked out from my casement on to a landscape more beautiful by far than any seen from the same vantage-point in summer-time. There is no lake in X.'s valley, though by all the signs there has once been one; but all the flat meadows at the foot of the crags were covered by a thin mist more delicate, more full of pearly tones and semi-tones, than any lake. The few leafless trees emerged from the haze like snags in running water; indeed, looking closer, I saw that the mist was actually flowing in a steady stream, driven by some unfelt current of air, so that by the time I was dressed and out with my camera, the valley-bottom was uncovered, its chessboard of rough stone dikes outlined in rigid streaks of shadow against the pale fields between. I climbed the rocky slope behind X.'s cottage, and presently found myself on the promontory which, in this district, is fabled for the extensiveness of its view, and standing on this vantage-point, gazing forth over miles and miles of Westmorland, to the horizon smudge which

marks the whereabouts of Ulverstone's chimneys, I affirmed that in truth X. was justified, a thousand times justified, in boasting of the splendour of the winter season in his retreat. Dreary? Dark? Cold? Why, the spectacle which had unfolded before me was as fine as I have ever witnessed when on a Christmas trip to the Oberland or the Engadine! The sunshine was not so glittering as that of the Alps, but it was infinitely more tender, more subtle in its effect; it picked out each gully, each scar and boulder on the mountain flanks with a glow of gold; yet there was no niggling pin-point sharpness in the panorama such as one sees in Switzerland, but over all a delicious amber vapour, suffused with blue, in the depths, and threaded with an extraordinary orange where the dead bracken lay in dim washes across the faded hillsides.

I tried then, and later, to entrap, on the photographic plate, some of the wonderful charm of X.'s valley; but monochrome misses nine-tenths of what one would most have wished to record. For, unexpectedly enough, there would seem to be more colour here in winter than in summer, and, in short, Madam X.'s enamel and silver might depict the facts more accurately than any product of the camera. In the Alps in winter a pure black and white rendering of the landscape often approaches oddly near the veracious—the snow is white, the pine forests are black, and all that is missed by photography is the turquoise of the heavens above the peaks. But the Lake Country, even in its greyest weather, even when the drifts are thick upon the ground and the sky is slaty, is atmospheric—which high Switzerland is not. That, perhaps, is why X., the mountain-painter, rejected the Jura Châlet which was once offered him, and chose his Westmorland cottage instead. As X. said (long before he had heard of the Futurists): "I don't paint the mountains; I paint the air which surrounds them."



Ward Muir.

UNDER THE HILLS.

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Down to the cottage I went, with my bagfull of exposed plates, to find X. grilling bacon on the studio fire and smoking his first cigarette the while. "The Simple Life, you see, old chap!" he said. And when I had gently reminded him that the bacon came direct from the stores, and that his Caporal cigarette had been imported from Paris, that last night's evening journals would arrive with the postman, and that Madam X.'s morning gown was made in Regent Street, we began our old argument; and X. only ended it by enquiring whether I could have got any one of those photographs of mine elsewhere than in Westmorland. To which, as the official phraseology has it, the answer was in the negative, with a lurking and atrocious pun to emphasise the admission's finality. . . . And so to breakfast.

WARD MUIR.

AT A TURKISH FAIR, BATUM

ONE misty morning in late October I arrived at Batum, pack on back, staff in hand, to all appearances a pilgrim or a tramp, and I drank tea at a farthing a glass at a stall in the fair.

"Pour it out full and running over," said a chance companion to the owner of the stall, "that's how we workmen like it; not half full as for gentlefolk." The shopman, a silent and very dirty Turk, filled my glass and the saucer as well. And sipping tea and munching *bublik*, we looked out upon all the sights of the bazar. There lay around in all the squalor that Turks love the marvellous superabundance of a Southern harvest—spread on sacks in the mud, grapes purple and silver green, pomegranates in rusty thousands, large dew-fed yellow apples, luscious dirt-bespattered pears, such fruits that in London even the rich might look at and sigh for, but pass by reflecting that with the taxes so high they could not afford them, but here sold by ragamuffins to ragamuffins for greasy coppers; and not only these fruits, but quinces and peaches, the large, yellow Caucasian *khurma*, the *inzhir*, the little blood-red *hizil* and many unnamed rarities! They all surged up out of the waste of over-trodden mire, as if the pageantry of some fairy world had been arrested as it was disappearing into the earth. Then, beside these gorgeous fruits, in multitudinous attendance, a confused array of scarlet runners, tomatoes, cabbages, out-tumbled sacks of glazy purple aubergines, mysterious-looking gigantic pumpkins, buckets full of pyramidal maize-cobs, yellow, white-sheathed. The motley crowd of vendors, clamouring, gesticulating, are chiefly distinguished by their hats, the Arabs in white turbans, the Turks in dingy fezes jauntily cocked over dark, unshaven faces, some fezes swathed in bright silk scarves, the Caucasians in golden fleece hats, bright yellow sheepskin busbies, the few Russians in battered peak caps, like porters' discarded head-gear, Persians in skull-caps, Armenians in shabby felts, astrakhans, or mud-coloured *bachliks*. The trousers of the Christians all very tight, the trousers of the Mahometans baggy, rainbow-coloured—it is a jealous point of difference in these parts that the Turk keeps four or five yards of spare material in the seat of his trousers. What a din, what a clamour!

"Kopeika, kopeika, kopeika."

"Oko tre kopek, oko tre kopek, oko tre kopek."

Thus Christians shout against Mussulmans over the grape-heaps—one farthing, one farthing, one farthing; oko (three pounds) three farthings, oko three farthings, oko three farthings. Fancy shouting one's self hoarse to persuade passers-by to buy grapes at a farthing a pound!

My companion at the tea-stall, a tramp workman from Central Russia, was astonished at the price of the grapes. "It is possible to say that that is cheap," said he. "When I return to Russia I will take forty pounds of them and sell them in the train at twopence-halfpenny, ten copeks; that will pay for my ticket, I think, in the fourth class."

I watched the Turks trafficking, jingling their ancient, rusty balances, manipulating their Turkish weights—the oko is not Russian—and giving what was probably the most marvellous short weight in Europe. The three-pound oko was often little more than a pound. A native of Trebizond came and sat at our table. He wore carpet socks, and over them slippers with long toes curled upperward like certain specimens one may see in Bethnal Green Museum. On his head a straw-plaited, rusty fez swathed with green silk of the colour of a sun-beetle.

"The Italians have taken Tripoli," said the Russian, with a grin; "fancy letting these little people thump you so."

"And the Japanese?" said a Caucasian, quickly.

The Turk looked sulky. "Italia will fall," said he. "She will fall yet, dishonourable country. They have stolen Tripoli. All you others look on and smile. But it is an injustice. We

shall cut the throats of all the Italians in Turkey. Will you look on then and smile?"

A Greek sniggered. There were many Greeks at the fair—they all wear blue as the Turks all wear red. When the Turk had gone the Greek exclaimed, "There's a people, these Turks, stupid, stupid as sheep; all they need are horns . . . and illiterate. When will that people wake up, eh?"

The Turks and the Greeks never cease to spit at one another, though the former can afford to feel dignified, victors of their wars with Greece. For the Italian the ordinary Turk has almost as much contempt as for the Greek. One said to me, as I thought quite cleverly, "A Greek is half an Italian; and the Italian is half a Frenchman, the Frenchman is half an Englishman, and you, my friend, are half a German. We have some respect for a German, for he is equal to a score of Greeks, a dozen Italians, six Frenchmen, but we have no respect at all for the rest."

A prowling gendarme in official blue and red came up to the stall and sniffed at the company. He pounced on me. "Your letters of identification?" he asked. I handed him a recommendation I had from the Governor of Archangel. He returned it to me with such deference that all the other customers stared. Archangel was three thousand miles away. Russian governors have long arms. It is unpleasant, however, to be scrutinised and thought suspicious. I finished my tea and then returned to the crowd. There was yet more of the fair to see, the stalls of Caucasian wares, the silks, the guns, the knives, Armenian and Persian carpets, Turkish slippers, sandals, yards of brown pottery, when at each turn one sees huge pitchers and water jugs and jars that might have held the forty thieves. At one booth harness is sold and high Turkish saddles, at another paniers baskets for mules. A flood of colour on the pavement of a covered way, a great disarray of little shrivelled lemons with stalks, in many cases, for they have been gathered hard by. In the centre of the market-place are all the meat and fish shops, and there one may see huge sturgeon and salmon brought from the fisheries of the Caspian. Garish notices inform in five languages that fresh caviare is received each day. Round about the butchers are sodden wooden stalls labelled "Snow Merchants," and there, wrapped in old rags, is much grey muddy snow melting and freezing itself. It has been brought on rickety lorries down the ratty tracks of the mountains, down, down into the lowland of Batum, where even October suns are hot. Near the snow stalls behold veiled Turkish women just showing their noses out of bright rags and tending the baking of chestnuts and maize cobs, sausages, pies, fish and chickens! Here for eightpence one may buy a hot roast chicken in half a sheet of exercise paper. The purchasers of hot chickens are many, and they take them away to open tables where stand huge bottles of red wine and tubs of tomato sauce. The fowl is pulled to bits limb by limb and the customer dips before each bite his bone in the common sauce bowl. Those who are poorer buy hot maize cobs and cabbage pies; those who feel hot already themselves are fain to go to the ice and lemonade stall, and spend odd farthings there. I bought myself *matsoni*, Metchnikoff's sour milk and sugar at a halfpenny a mug. The market square is vast. It is wonderful the number of scenes enacting themselves at the same time. All the morning in another quarter men were trying on old hats and overcoats and having the most amazing haggling over articles which are sold in London streets for a pot of ferns or a china butter-dish. In another part popular pictures are spread out, oleographs showing the Garden of Eden or the terror of the Flood, or the Last Judgment and such-like; in another is a wilderness of home-made bamboo furniture, a speciality of Batum. And for all no lack of customers.

What a place of mystery is a Russian fair, be it in the capital or at the outposts of the Empire! There is nothing that may not be found there. One never knows what extraordinary or wonderful things one may light upon there. Among old rusty fireirons one finds an ancient sword offered as a poker, among the litter of holy and secular second-hand books, hand-painted missals of the earliest Russian times. Nothing is ever thrown away; even rusty nails find their way to the bazar. The miscellaneous of a stall might upon occasion be what is left behind after a house removal. On one table at Batum I observed two moth-eaten, rusty fezes, a battered but unopened tin of herrings in tomato sauce, another tin half emptied, a guitar with one string, a good hammer, a doormat worn to holes, the clearing of a bookcase, an old saucepan, an old kerosene stove, a broken coffee-grinder and a rusty spring mattress. Under the stall were two Persian greyhounds, also for sale. The shopmen ask outrageous prices but do not expect to be paid them.

"How much the kerosinka?" I asked in sport.

"Ten shillings," said an old sorrowful-looking Persian.

I laughed sarcastically and was about to move away. The Persian was taking the oil stove to bits to show me its inward perfection.

"Name your price," said he.

I did not want a kerosene stove, but for fun I tried him on a low figure.

"Sixpence," I said.

"Whew!" The Persian looked about him incredulously. Did he sleep, did he dream?

"You don't buy a machine for sixpence," said he. "I bought this second-hand for eight and sixpence. I can offer it you for nine shillings as a favour."

THE PLAYGROUND OF HOLLAND.

IN some ways "the playground of Holland" is quite a good name for the islands of the Zuider Zee. The stiff, shining trees, the black and white cows, the natty and vividly-painted wooden houses, might all have trooped out of some



A FISHING HARBOUR.

"Oh no, sixpence, not a farthing more." I walked away.

"Five shillings," cried the Persian, "four shillings."

"Ninepence," I replied, and moved further away.

"Two shillings."

He bawled something more inaudibly, but I was already out of hearing.

I happened to repass his stall accidentally later in the morning.

"That kerosinka," said the Persian, "take it, it is yours, at one shilling and sixpence."

I felt so sorrowful for the unhappy hawker, but I could not possibly buy an oil stove, I could not take one as a gift; but I looked through his old books and there found in a tattered condition "The Red Laughter," by Leonid Andulf, a drama by Gorky, a long poem by Skitaletz and a most interesting account of Chekof's life by Kouprin, all of which I bought after a short haggle for fivepence, twenty copecks. I was the richer by my visit to his stall, for I found good reading for at least a week. And the Persian accepted the silver coin and dropped it into an old wooden box, looking the while with melancholy upon the unsold kerosinka.

S. G.

very new and splendid nursery Noah's Ark. The people are dressed in a more gay and unpractical fashion than elsewhere,

and their vocation in life, like a child's, is to make a pretty and pleasing impression on their observers. The cheese-making and fishing at which they make believe to toil are, or anyhow appear to be, as unimportant to the general weal as the productions of a child's cooking stove. What they have to do is to look, dress and behave so that they appeal to artists wanting models and Americans wanting excursions. Two-thirds of the tourists and half the guide-books actually seem to imagine that this mode of life has left them quite guileless and childlike. Of course, they are really becoming, thanks to the tourist, the most canny and long-sighted people in Holland, just as the remote and pagan Breton is getting hideously like the rest of the world as regards the itching palm. No; the folk of the Zuider Zee are emphatically not children, but they are not the less interesting because they must be taken as vastly engaging, ingenious and conscious frauds.

An exception must be made in the case of Volendam, a village which, although artist-ridden all the year round,



A DUTCH BOATMAN.

lives a quite simple and unpretentious life. Its fishing fleet proves its prowess in the North Sea, and its women are blushing and bashful. The wooden houses are really homes, and whatever treasures and heidooms may lie within are not shown to the



VOLENDAM GIRLS.

stranger or bartered for his gold. The costume strikes one as genuine. At any rate, the spirited little boys who are always swarming about the jetty prove by their romps and gymnastics that their faded magenta garments and round black caps are eminently practicable to play in. At first, one has fears for the costume. The coats are so breathlessly tight—an economy which, perhaps, counterbalances the absurd superfluity of material in the trousers—and the caps would be at the bottom of the Zuider Zee twenty times a day were it not that they have the tenacity of limpets. The men remain faithful to this artistic costume both when stalwart, serious fishermen—at which stage the visitor sees little of them—and when their working life is done and all that remains is to spend the day leaning up against the jetty wall, smoking and musing. Old age is very kind to the Dutch fisherman. His fine wrinkles, twinkling eyes, scant hair—his whole smoke-dried and sun-dried old face—have a shrewd, distinguished, quizzical look, which is very attractive and is not seen elsewhere in Holland.

The women, too, improve with age. In youth they are stout and buxom lasses, with sunburnt cheeks, bright but shallow eyes, and hair tucked away, all too neatly, under their light and graceful winged caps. In age they grow twinkling and thoughtful, and some of them, save the costume, are Cinderella's god-mother to the life. Their gowns have not the gaiety of the men's habits, being generally a useful black, blue or purple, broadly checked or striped, and made in a tight and awkward fashion. Beauty comes with the splash of colour made by the apron and with the cap, which is as dainty and fragile as a flower.

The Volendamers are a placid people, with only one strong prejudice—against the neighbouring island of Marken. They denounce it as a community of beggars whose only excuse is their deficient mental capacity, due to the fact that no one

on the mainland will marry with them. The guide-books put down this animosity to a difference of religion; but one feels that there is something in the Volendammer's contention when one finds that the Markener standpoint can only be ascertained by the application of hard cash. On that mainland-despised but tourist-beloved isle even conversation is chargeable. The children shriek plaintive and inopportune good-byes in exchange for a shower of copper, and the most casual photographer has willy-nilly to pay a fee to every unmannerly urchin who chooses to dispose herself in front of his camera.

Really, the costume of the Markeners is not to be taken seriously. To begin with, the women's dress is largely made up of printed stuffs, a kind of shoddy substitute for embroidery which has surely not been so very long in this world. The dress itself is dark enough, but over it is worn an overall of the most gaudy and flaunting hues; the cap is chiefly print, and the fair hair is worn in long ringlets with a straight, bushy fringe across the forehead. Mr. E. V. Lucas, in his "Wanderer in Holland," calls these worthy dames "fine, upstanding creatures." One would like them better if they were less confiding and attentive. As it is, one is positively dragged into their dwellings, introduced to all the household gods, especially—if one is an American or an amateur antiquarian—to some decrepit old clock or cradle, from which the owner vows never to part.

But she yields so readily to persuasion that perhaps one does not wrong her in thinking that she solaces herself for the loss with a little expedition to Amsterdam in search of a substitute.

The Marken fishing fleet makes a brave show, but one feels that a really prosperous concern would not spend so much time in harbour. However, on weekdays the men certainly disappear somewhere, perhaps only to make their rare appearances the more impressive. As is the case all over Holland,



MARKEN CHILDREN.

man has the monopoly of all the quaintest devices in dress. The Markener is said to do his fishing in his extravagant breeches and ceremonious hat. If this is a fact, the Havenstoombootdienst of Amsterdam, which has a very tender and not altogether

disinterested affection in these "buried cities of the Zuider Zee," would find it worth while to run an excursion to the scene of his labours.

Marken and Volendam are not the only buried cities to which the Havenstoombootdienst is eager to introduce the stranger. In fact, as far as one can discover, these places are not cities at all. But Monnikendam, on the strength of having

extremely bustling but strangely unproductive. Edam has a huge church, which, having once acted as a shelter for men and cattle during a flood, is now afflicted with the cow-damp. The town also prides itself on its cleanliness, a fact that makes it horribly unsympathetic.

The Zuider Zee, which lives in the art of Anton Mauve, is off the beaten track of the tourist. His own town of Laren

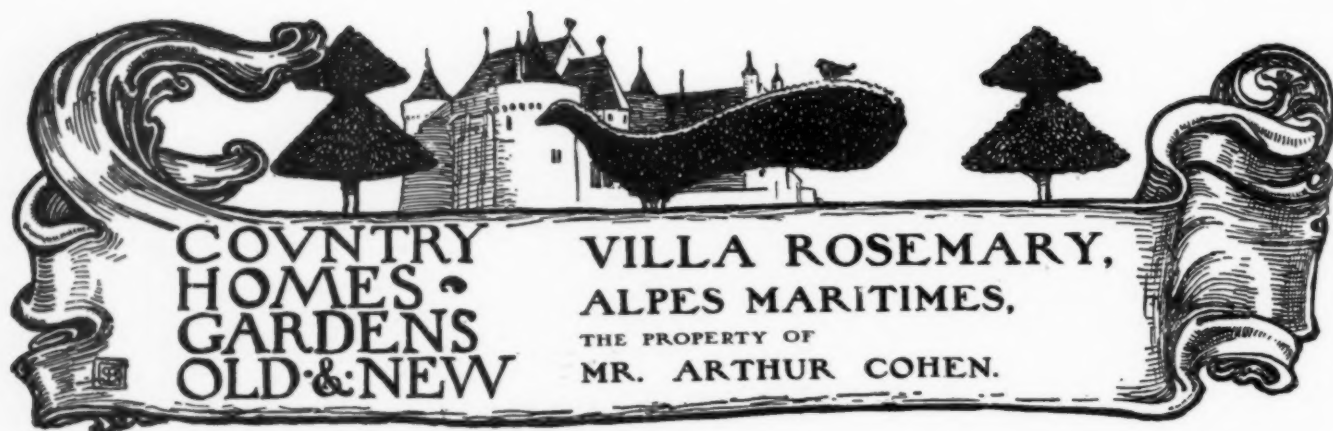


MILL AND STREAM.

fitted out a ship which did good service against the Spaniards at Hoorn, is described as "dreaming of its greatness in the past." Certainly the silent little town shows no desire to emulate its former achievements. If it dreams it dreams quietly, and not even the boisterous clang of the bell of a seemingly quite unnecessary tramway can rouse it from its reveries. It forms a striking contrast with Edam, whose cheese factories are

is visited only by artists, although it is a pretty place and the environs are, for Holland, thickly wooded. Zaandam, the place where Peter the Great worked at ship-building, pleases by its bright green houses and staid old windmills. In these last places the visitor feels inclined to stay, but for Marken and its fellows the few hours provided by the Havenstoombootdienst are quite sufficient.

E. M. MORRISON.



THERE will be a great foregathering of English folk on the Riviera this Eastertide, for it is then that the statue of Queen Victoria is to be unveiled at Nice and that of King Edward at Cannes. Then, too, the harbour of Villefranche is to be the scene of a meeting of the fleets of the *entente cordiale* group, France acting as hostess to her Russian and English friends.

Villefranche Bay is not only an amply convenient but likewise exceptionally beautiful harbour—a lovely framework of land enclosing all that is joyous in the life of the sea. It is formed by the projection into the Mediterranean of two large promontories, of which the eastern is that of Villefranche itself, while the western is that of St. Jean. The latter is the larger and more projecting, and, breaking up as it extends south and east, divides into the two headlands of the Cap St. Hospice and Cap Ferrat. The whole of this area—a *presqu'île* connected only by a narrow neck to the mainland, and therefore at all points offering delightful views where sea and land combine to form the most choice compositions—is naturally much sought after by those who need winter homes in this favoured climate. There are villas many, and nearly all of them are of the perfectly commonplace type that unfortunately prevails on the Riviera.

Three or four, however, stand out as notable exceptions, and owe their interest and distinction to the broad architectural experience and the perfect taste of Mr. H. A. Peto. Of these, Maryland and Villa Sylvia have already been described and illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE. The former is in the centre of the peninsula, the latter is on its western edge, overlooking Villefranche Bay, while Villa Rosemary, the subject of to-day's illustrations, lies on the east slope of Cap Ferrat, and is so placed as to give exceptional views not only out to the open sea, but towards the picturesque coast-line where Monaco nestles at the foot of the mountains. Cap Ferrat, unlike the central portion of the peninsula where Maryland is situate, was not split up into tiny peasant holdings, where olive trees shade cultivated ground. It was a rocky track, largely pine-clad, and was termed a *domaine*. Valueless for agriculture, it was purchased by a company that laid it out and developed it for building purposes. This so far enhanced the price of the land that even a well-to-do settler would purchase only a limited area and would call for a scheme that would make the most of it.

The section that Mr. Arthur Cohen acquired on Mr. Peto's advice covers some two and a-half acres, and the



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THE SOUTH-EAST CORNER OF THE HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE SOUTH FRONT FROM THE PERGOLA STAIRWAY.

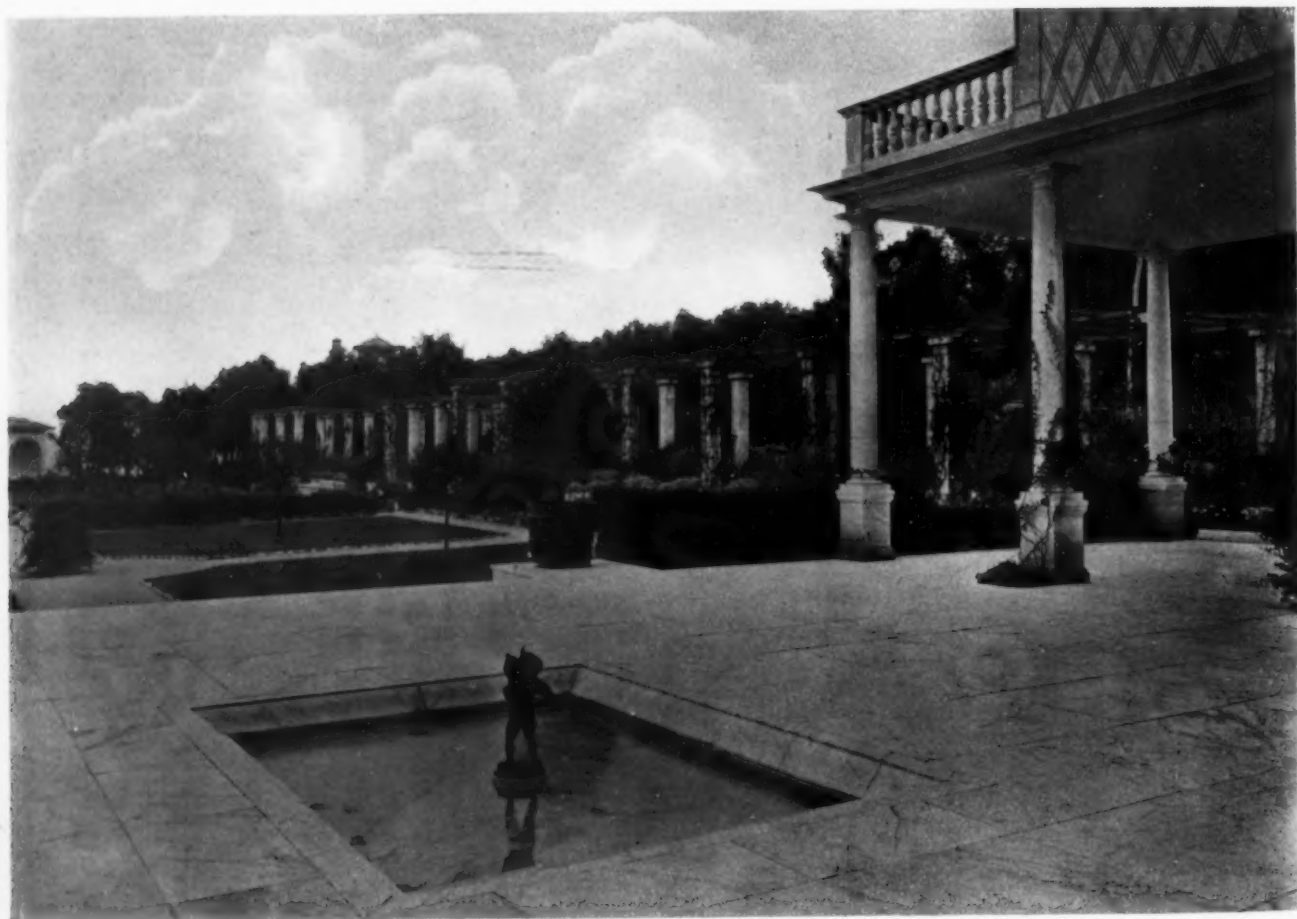
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THE SQUIFFA FROM THE MIDDLE PLAT.

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LOOKING SOUTH-WEST FROM THE HOME TERRACE.

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LOOKING NORTH-EAST FROM THE SQUIFFA.

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first question that arose was how to place the house and dispose the ground so as to ensure privacy without spoiling the outlook, and variety of incident without destroying the sense of amplex. Mr. Peto excels in giving the best possible answer to such questions, and can turn—as he did at both Maryland and Villa Sylvia—what to the less experienced might appear the defect of a site into its most advantageous quality. At Villa Rosemary the problem was less difficult than in the other two cases, but, none the less, it required judgment to seize the right and avoid the wrong method of dealing with the natural lie.

The main slope was from the north-west towards the south-east, and the plot was a square stretching out to a sharp angle



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THE WALK BELOW THE PERGOLA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

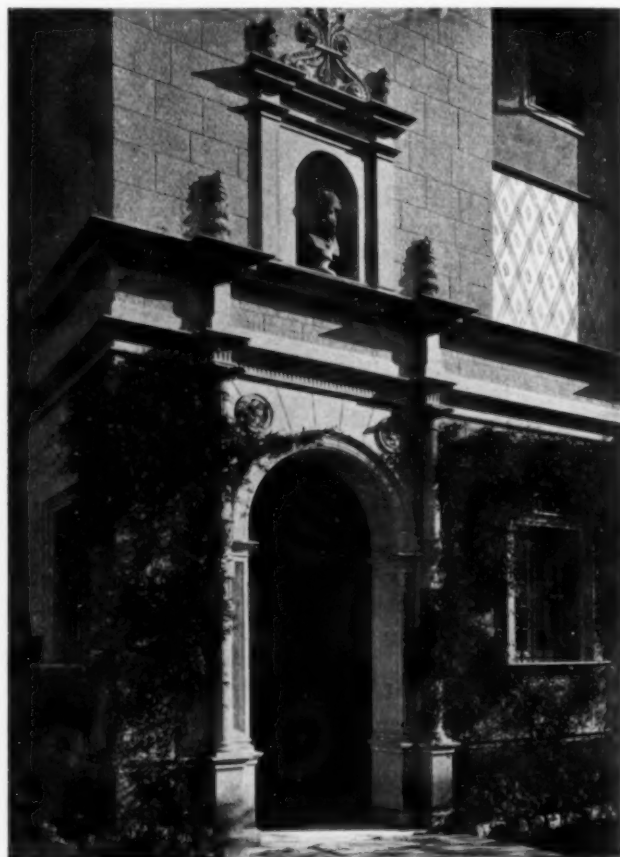
is led here both within and without doors. The chief material of the building is local in the strictest sense. It is the stone of which Cap Ferrat is formed, and has a fine marble-like hardness and surface, delightfully stained with that iron in the soil which gave its name to the promontory. This stone, used in rubble manner for the walling, but wrought in almost cyclopean fashion for the window arches, exposes its surface on the lower floor. But the whole of the upper portions of the house are treated with plaster, the material that has always prevailed along this littoral and in Italy, and is admirably suited for such climates. At Villa Rosemary the top coat is lighter in tone than the one beneath it, and, while still

and from this the forecourt opens direct. This "court of the lemons" is about thirty feet deep, and opposite to its entrance is the porch, with fine architectural lines and delicate sculpturing, of which an illustration is given. It is the one feature of this elevation which is of a severe kind, pierced by no important window, and therefore in complete contrast with the south elevation, which is joyous with its liberal fenestration, its ample loggias and balconies, its broad, marble-paved terrace—all speaking of the social life that



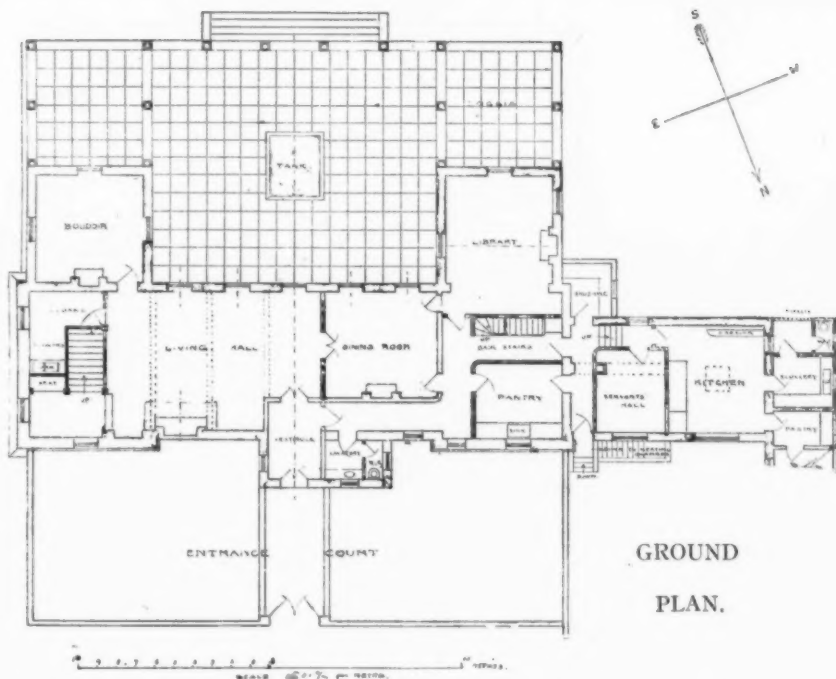
LOOKING SOUTH-EAST ON TO STE. HOSPICE TOWER.

at the north-east corner. This gave the longest side towards the east, where the continuance of the slope made the view safe against obstruction. Mr. Peto placed the house as near the angle as the main block and its dependencies permitted. A narrow eastern terrace garden projects right up to the sharp point where the road meets the boundary. Next, an angular bit is thrown into the road to give an ample carriage turn,



THE ENTRANCE PORCH ON THE NORTH SIDE.

soft, it was roughly scratched into a diagonal patterning that gives to the whole surface a simple but effective decoration in the *graffiti* manner. Detail is given by the consoling of the sills of the windows, while their architraves are surmounted by entablatures that have a medallion head in the centre of each frieze panel. Corner pilasters support an upper entablature below the broad eaves of the tiled roof, while the elegant detail of the arch of the central balcony combines with the colonnades and balustrading of the loggias to give abundant richness and variety to the architectural composition without the least extravagance or confusion. The house plan eliminates the drawing-room and thus allows of a very spacious sitting-hall—a stately room some twenty-four feet by thirty-six feet, with an archway opening on to the broad staircase of veined marble, a material very sympathetic to the conditions of life on these Southern shores, and there obtainable without prohibitive outlay. The hall itself has a beam and rafter ceiling, and plain, whitewashed walls above the walnut wainscoting. It is delightfully furnished, mostly with late seventeenth century pieces, and its most noticeable



feature is the splendid antique Italian hooded fireplace. From it the dining-room opens with double doors, while boudoir and library occupy the projecting pavilions that give shelter to the terrace and are continued in the form of loggias.

The position chosen for the house allows of a straight stretch of ground more than a hundred yards long before the southern boundary of the little estate is reached. Facing the centre of the house and the broad stairway down from its terrace, Mr. Peto felt that an architectural object of large size and reasonable purpose

was needed to mark the extremity of the lay-out. Here, then, he erected the long, open loggia known as the *Squiffa*, an idea adopted from old Moorish gardens, where it was usual to place such a building at the furthest end from the house. The sea to the south is seen through its double arcading. The corners are closed in for shelter, but the exquisite character of the views from the open sides to north and east is perfectly caught in two of the illustrations. The upright picture gives a corner of the squiffa in excellent detail, and beyond it is seen the rocky, timbered, pyramidal knoll that forms



the south-eastern outlier of the St. Jean promontory, and on the summit of which rises the old tower of the St. Hospice. The long picture is taken from within the squiffa, and through its numerous arches, across an arm of the blue sea, is seen the bold outline of the *Alpes Maritimes* with their rich colouring of rock and vegetation, with little ancient hill villages posted on the spurs, and the great stretch of more modern settlements extending along the shore. It is only from such a promontory as that of Cap Ferrat that this glorious formation adequately unrolls itself before the delighted eye.

The squiffa is set on a little raised terrace of its own, and between that and the house are disposed three square gardens, rising above each other towards the house terrace. All are treated as formal plats—the outer ones simply treated with cross paths forming little quarters of grass, each centred by an orange tree. The middle plat is a flower garden, where there is a good deal of variety of shrub and herbaceous plant, but where especially the luxuriant growth and festal blooming of pink and crimson carnations attract attention. The soil of Cap Ferrat is that of the carnation *par excellence*. It is in great demand throughout the neighbourhood, but, as the deposit of it on the rock formation is thin, the demand is decidedly greater than the supply. Thus nurtured, the carnations of Villa

Rosemary grow tall and vigorous, and beneath them Mr. Peto has broadly set an undergrowth of *Viola cornuta*, of which the cool grey-blue harmonises most pleasantly with the warmer tone of the carnations. From the west side of the central plat, broad steps of the local stone lead one up to the level of the long pergola that forms the division between the formal garden and the considerable area of hillside, set with ancient fir trees, that protects both terraces and formal gardens from much riotous wind and from the danger of overlooking neighbours. Here Mr. Peto has been able to leave most of the old pines that originally covered the whole area. But under their shade or in their openings he has grouped magnolias, myrtles and rose bushes, pink Japanese cherries, and an endless succession of flowering trees and bushes. Then, as seen in the picture, there is a carpeting of grey gnaphalium and santolina, of iris and other dwarf subjects, while over all trail creepers, among which the lovely blue *kennedya* is conspicuous. In the midst of this wood a tennis ground has been cleared and levelled. Above this and between the western fringe of the wood and the public road the gardener's house, the garage and a little bit of nursery or vegetable ground have been accommodated. Thus, within the modest limits of the Villa Rosemary domain, everything may be found that conduces to both beauty and comfort. The general effect has not been spoilt by placing the house in the centre, approaching it by a dull carriage drive and curtailing the garden areas in all directions. Though near the road, the forecourt affords all privacy that is needed to a house that was carefully planned to have no important outlook in this direction.

Sitting on the marble terrace, on to which all four sitting-rooms open, and in the centre of which a little bronze boy spouts limpid water into a marble tank, the eye is carried step by step down the line of the three descending plats and up again to the squiffa terrace to revel in the sparkling blue of the Mediterranean Sea, seen through the pearly white arches. The pergola forms another delightful walk, its centre opening out as a semi-circle, on which are placed seats, looking immediately down upon the rich flower feast of the foreground, beyond which rises the amazingly diversified coast-line with the bold headland of the Tête du Chien outlined against the sky. Pass upwards through the pergola, and you feel yourself in one of Nature's secluded solitudes, so cleverly is the little bit of pine-wood disposed as a wild garden with shady corners.

The house itself has every modern convenience in combination with all the forms, materials and appurtenances that produced the beauty and charm of old Italian architecture and life. Mr. Arthur Cohen is to be congratulated on possessing a haven of exquisite beauty in which to take occasional refuge from the wintry storms of our northern clime.

T.

THE CALL OF THE RIVER.

OF all sportsmen, the true fisherman is surely the most devoted, else he would not look forward with such keenness to the early spring salmon-fishing. True, if he be successful, his reward is great; but the hardships he endures from cold are, if anything, greater, at any rate, on the East Coast of Scotland. If he is able to fish the water from the bank, he is lucky; if it is boat-fishing, the difficulties he has to overcome are so much reduced that half the satisfaction of fishing is lost; if he has to wade in the icy stream, he will suffer, but will have his recompense. The first thing, therefore, of which to make sure is warmth; it is almost more important than tackle. The body is easy enough: clothes can and must be piled on, clothes impervious to biting winds; the feet and hands are the crux. As

to the feet, two pairs of thick stockings at least must be worn inside the waders; but these are no good if the waders or brogues are at all tight. It is best to have an extra large pair of brogues to be worn exclusively during spring wading, and another pair which fit more or less for summer wear. For the hands, wool or fur-lined gloves are necessary, but in addition a pair of loose mackintosh gloves, of the shape worn by infants, without separated fingers and with only a separate thumb, are a boon, especially in snowy weather. If the water be right, snowstorms and blizzards are welcomed, for salmon, as a rule, take best in the conditions of weather least pleasant to the fisherman. Only if there are gruel, ice crystals which form in lumps on the bottom of the river in shallow water and float to the surface, is fishing of little use. In English salmon rivers, if there is snow-water coming down, fishing is said to be useless. It may be the case, but so many rules laid down by fishermen are fallacious that the probability is that this one is so likewise. At any rate, in Scotland, if one did not fish in snow-water there would be but little fishing in the early spring, and in Norway little ever. Not a few rules of fishing

have been evolved by the cunning and indolence of Scotch gillies. The writer has in mind a beat of a well-known river leased by a friend who had not then much experience. The rule as laid down was that it was no use fishing after four o'clock in the afternoon in summer. The gillies had, in fact, had enough of it by then, and liked to go home to the bosoms of their families. Why not? The writer, not wishing to disturb the arrangement, begged leave to continue fishing and gaff his own fish, if any, after they had gone. He did so, and was amply rewarded. Now the order of the day is to begin fishing at four o'clock and continue till dark. However, it is idle to pursue the subject, as rules of fishing, like all others, are only made to be broken, though fish caught in breach of such rules are doubly prized. There are those, it is to be regretted, who prefer to spin with minnow or gudgeon to throwing the fly. We pass them by. The fly-fisher is the fisherman *par excellence*. He would be wise to have a spare rod in case one breaks. He should have a reel holding one hundred and twenty yards of line, forty of which should be double-tapered and whipped or spliced on to the rest, which is of thin "backing." He will do well to get good stout gut casts, two at least, of half single and half twisted gut. It is sound economy to have the single gut of the best, with the knots not too far apart, and to pay a good



THE WILD GARDEN AT VILLA ROSEMARY.

price for it. Long strands of gut are generally weak at either end. He must have a store of flies; he had better select them under advice from someone who knows the water. They may be as much as four inches long, but not less than one and three-quarter inches in the iron, for spring work. Owing to the number of kelts, or spent fish, he will probably not be allowed to carry a gaff. Of kelts he is sure to catch a good number, and a novice will be glad of the experience gained in landing them, which will enable him the better to deal with the fresh fish when he hooks one. In order to land a kelt, he must be tailed or netted. The hook must be taken out, care being used not to bruise the gills. He should be put carefully back, not thrown in anyhow, into the water. If he is very much "cooked," he should be held in the water, head up stream, back upright, until he is able to swim away of his own accord. The fisherman may have difficulty in deciding whether a fish is fresh or a well-mended kelt. If he has no one of experience

with him to settle the point, he had better treat it as a kelt. In any event, let him not give it away as a handsome present, as is sometimes done with kelts.

The early spring fish, as a matter of stern fact (tell it not in Gath!), is far less sporting than the fish in April, less sporting as a rule than a good kelt. When the water is very cold, salmon seldom jump while being played; the cold water makes them sluggish. Moreover, the spring fish, on the Dee, at any rate, one of the favourite spring rivers, run very small; a twenty-pounder is the exception, though what is lost in size is made up in numbers. However, knowing all this, and in spite of it, be it cold or warm, be the prospect of sport favourable or not, the call of the river is one which the fisherman is bound to answer. He does it with hopes high, nor reckoning whether the fish are of abnormal size or superlative agility, nor heeding anything except once again to ply his favourite art.

W. F. C.

FURNITURE OF THE XVII & XVIII CENTURIES.

FURNITURE AT HORNBY CASTLE.

SOME of the most interesting examples of the furniture at Hornby Castle date from the end of the seventeenth century, but it is uncertain how much of it was there before the marriage of Francis Osborne, fifth Duke of Leeds, in 1773 to Lady Amelia D'Arcy, through whom Hornby came to the Osbornes. Certain furniture bearing the ducal coronet and cypher with other pieces corresponding in taste are known to have come from Kiveton, the home of the Osbornes, and it is

brought from Kiveton to Hornby after this marriage, as they are of the early eighteenth century period and bear the ducal coronet.



FIG. 1.—BRASS BOX LOCK.
With coronet and cypher.

interesting to find that the elaborate brass box locks to the drawing-room doors, of which Fig. 1 is a specimen, must have also been

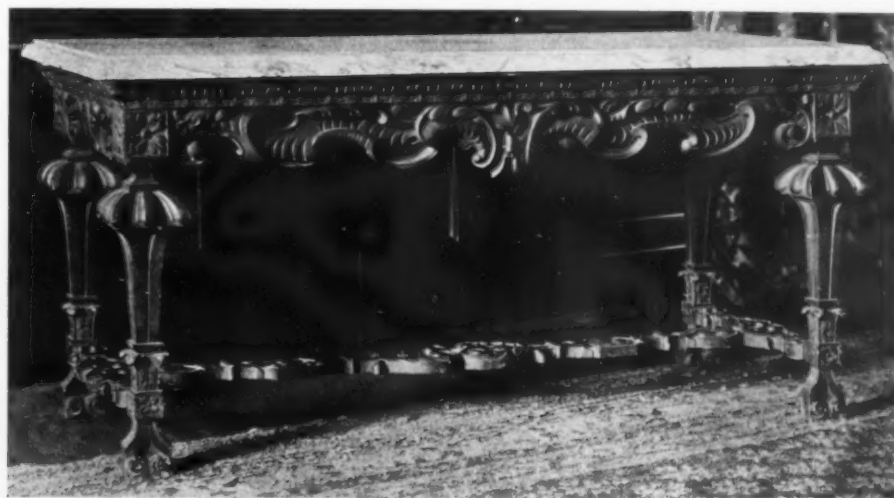


FIG. 2.—SIDE-TABLE.
With marble top.

The side-table (Fig. 2), in the style of 1690, is one of a pair; the pronounced capping to the legs in conjunction with the bold C scrolling of the frame is most effective, and the flat carved stretchers uniting the feet are very original in treatment; the tops to these tables are of Pavanazzo marble, but the woodwork, originally gilt, is now, unfortunately, painted a dull green. The development of these early and comparatively simple side-tables to the more elaborated examples, such as Fig. 3, took about thirty years to accomplish. The top slab of this fine specimen is of red and green Devonshire marble, measuring three feet by six feet; the frame is carved with an upright fluting, headed by a broad leaf moulding, the rest of the table being executed in a design of great freedom and power, and centres in a finely-carved mask; the scrolling and general treatment suggest the date of about 1728, and a strong foreign influence; it possesses its original gilding.

Fig. 4 is one of the most advanced type of so-called

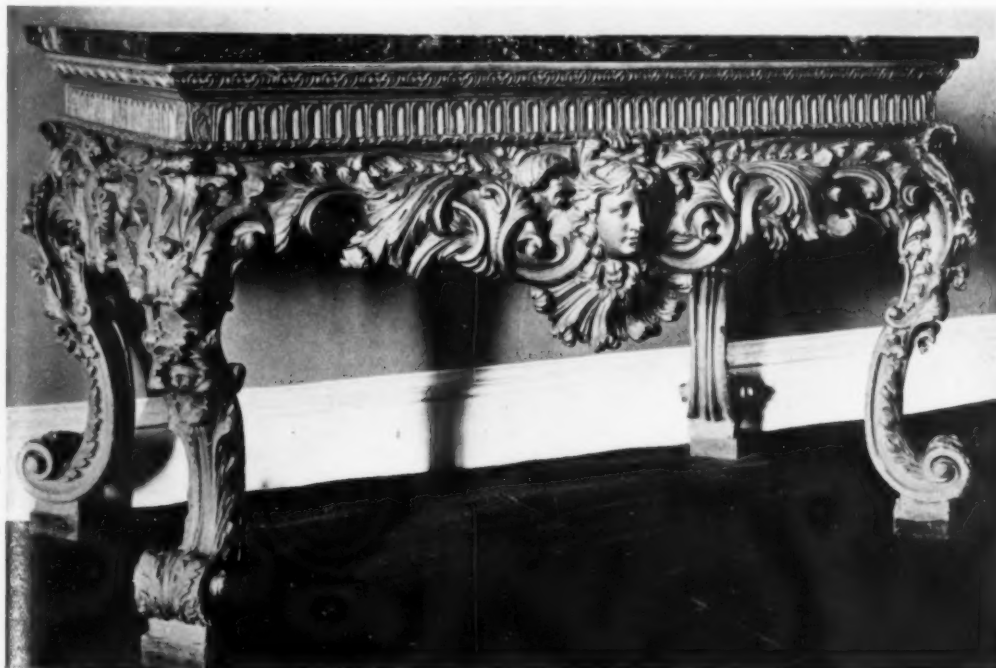


FIG. 3.—GILT SIDE-TABLE
With green and red marble top.

French Chippendale; the top of white marble rests on a delicately-carved frame, supported on very open and slender scrolls and particularly graceful legs. This table is also painted over a dull green.

The extravagant elaboration of upholstered furniture in the early part of James I.'s reign increased as the century progressed, though a certain pause occurred in its development caused by the Civil Wars, which checked for a time all luxury and unnecessary expenditure. After the Restoration a widely-spread demand arose for the silks and velvets from France and Italy which were being employed for hangings and furniture in those countries. The most favoured and costly of these materials were the figured Genoa velvets, used chiefly in the state rooms of important houses, taking the place of the embroidered silks, velvets and needlework that had hitherto been employed for upholstery and hangings. These Genoa velvets were trimmed with rich, elaborately-tasselled fringes

through the reign of Charles II. till the beginning of the eighteenth century, when, although the taste for these velvets continued, the fringe trimmings on them gradually began to be discontinued, plain galons taking their place, while needlework once more became popular for the less florid Anne and Georgian furniture. The designs adopted on these velvet fabrics were at first moderate in size, decreasing slightly in scale during the reign of William III. and becoming flamboyant and large during that of George I. The designs in velvet were often of many colours, generally relieved by a cream

satin ground, but in many cases a monochromatic treatment was adopted, the satin ground and velvet pile being both of the same shade. For the most part these velvets were imported, but by 1698 the silk industries of Spitalfields had attained such success that all foreign importations were prohibited. A fine example of velvet from the Spitalfields looms can be seen on the so-called Queen Anne bed at Hampton Court.

Much of the furniture at Hornby Castle is covered with figured Genoa velvet in varied colours, and these are magnificent examples of this most elaborate period of English upholstery. The day-bed with the couch to match are two of the most sumptuous pieces of this late Stewart period that still exist in their original untouched condition. These were probably made for the first Duke of Leeds, as the style and design exactly corresponds with the date of the creation in 1694. The day-bed, now given in illustration, five feet two inches long by two feet six inches wide, is



FIG. 4.—SIDE-TABLE WITH MARBLE TOP.

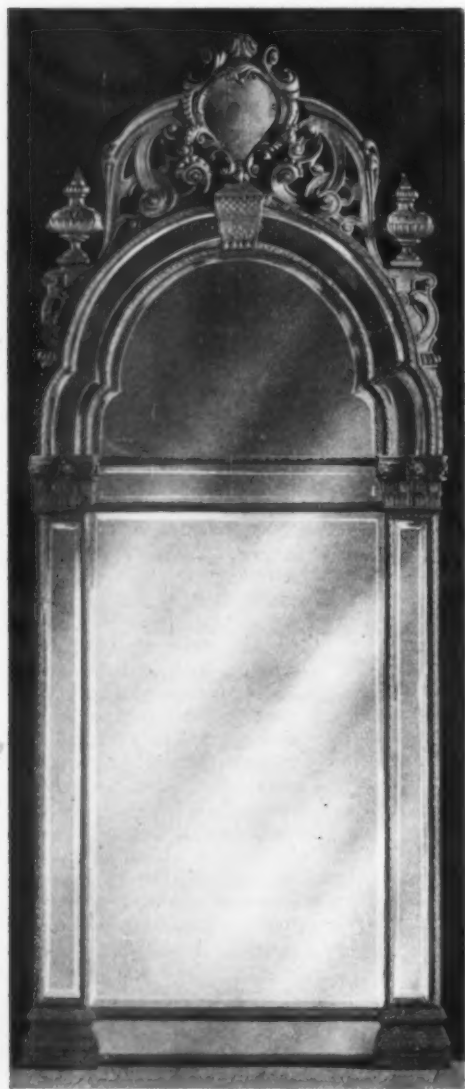


FIG. 5.—CARVED AND GILT MIRROR.



FIG. 6.—GILT MIRROR.



GILT AND BLACK DAY-BED
UPHOLSTERED IN GENOA VELVET.

The Property of
The Duke of Leeds.

FURNITURE of the
17th and 18th Centuries

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in the form of the contemporary French so-called *chaise longue*, and may have been further extended by a stool to match. The woodwork is of beech, painted black and gilt; the cresting of the back, with its carved scrollwork centring in an escutcheon which bears the ducal cypher and coronet, is very representative of the work executed at this period, which was somewhat smaller in scale and finer in detail than that of the preceding twenty years. The entire length of the arms is elaborately decorated and the tapered legs that had recently been introduced from France are connected by oval and slender stretchers on which are repeated the same carved nulling as on the arms; these centre in three oblong pieces which are curiously plain and flat. The chief feature, however, of this furniture consists in the remarkable quality of its upholstery, which is a flowered Genoa velvet of medium-sized design, where turquoise green, claret and dull orange form a delightful combination on the deep cream satin ground; the edges are trimmed with the picturesque fringe composed of tassels, so much favoured at that time, and into which all the colours of the velvet are introduced.

Hornby is also very rich in the ornamental mirrors that were made to fill the tall panels between the windows after Charles II.'s reign; of these Fig. 5 is a fine example. The upright shafts of the columns forming the frame are of flatly fluted glass, an unusual feature. The carving of the heading, which centres in an escutcheon, is most original in its tracery, and with the urn-shaped finials point to a date of about 1690. Fig. 6, rather later in style, is exceptionally fine; the frame is cornered with an open carved strapwork inspired by contemporary French work; the heading is fantastic in its originality and particularly light in treatment, features which soon gave way to the heavier pediments of Early Georgian taste.

The walnut chair (Fig. 7) is of the well-known type that came into fashion early in William and Mary's reign, and was probably introduced from France, though this particular specimen possesses the open characteristics of English carving in combination with unusually delicate uprights; the ornamentation on the legs is rare, but distinctly English in feeling. The seat has been re-upholstered with a piece of the Spitalfields velvet that is found on so much of the furniture in this house. PERCY MACQUOID.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

DISEASES OF THE FLOCK.

THERE is no question that diseases in sheep are increasing in number. A hundred years ago one of the chief troubles of the stock-owner was rot (liver fluke).

This has been conquered by land drainage. Sheep scab is still prevalent to a greater extent than it should be, but its character is now well known, and the remedy is also known, and in the course of another ten or twenty years it will probably have been stamped out, or nearly so. But there are other diseases of long standing which have not yet been overcome. These entail heavy losses on landlord and farmer alike, and a remedy is more urgently called for than ever before. Among these diseases may be mentioned the scourge which goes by the name of "Loupin' Ill." This was very prevalent a century ago. It is just as prevalent yet in the South and West of Scotland and North of England. In these districts it is not infrequently the case to find twenty or even thirty per cent. of the sheep stock fall victims to it. Little or nothing was done in the way of investigating the pathology of this disease until 1901, when the Board of Agriculture, mainly at the instigation of the Duke of Northumberland, appointed a Departmental Committee—of which the late Professor Hamilton was the chairman and bacteriologist—to enquire into its nature and causes, and to endeavour to find a remedy. Much information was gained, and the Committee seemed on the high road to success when the death of its chairman put an end to its work. A very great boon would be conferred upon

owners and tenants of infected lands if the work of the Committee could be taken up where it was left off and carried to a conclusion. During the last ten or a dozen years new forms of disease have appeared about which nothing is known. A flock of healthy sheep is depastured in a field which has had a clean record for half a century or more. In a week or ten days half the flock are in serious trouble, many die, and the remainder recover only slowly, with their systems weakened and their market value greatly decreased. Post-mortems sometimes disclose the immediate, but not the primary, cause of death, but as often as not they disclose nothing at all. Sometimes the trouble appears to be infectious, and sometimes it is not. No cause is apparent, and no steps of a preventive character can be taken. Shrewd old shepherds are baffled, experienced flock-masters are beyond their depth, and trained pathologists are as much in the dark as the youngest student. Within the last few years a disease totally different from any hitherto known has broken out. It is not seasonal nor is it confined to any one locality or class of soil. It does not appear to be infectious in the ordinary sense, yet large numbers of sheep become affected. Shepherds

say it is capable of being transmitted from parent to offspring. Careful investigation has failed to show anything abnormal in skin, blood, or in any internal organ. A curious circumstance is that black-faced sheep appear to be immune, but all other breeds seem to be susceptible. In cases where disease of an unknown and peculiar character shows itself on individual farms, investigation requires to be of a private or semi-private character, because the farmer, naturally enough, does not wish to advertise his trouble, and it should therefore be carried out through, or in conjunction with, the farmer's own veterinary surgeon. This, of course, is perfectly possible, and if the veterinary surgeon could in such cases have the benefit of the best advice and the help of skilful specialists, such as the Board of Agriculture might fitly place at his disposal, the trouble would, in some cases at least, probably be nipped in the bud. The writer is becoming more and more assured that unless veterinary skill can be made to keep pace with the increasing calls upon it the pasture lands must be periodically "rested" from sheep in order to maintain the health and vigour of the flock. J. C.

HEADING BACK PEAR TREES.

In the olden days the adage was, "plant pears for your heirs," and the saying was not very wrong, as there exist in Herefordshire and Worcestershire perry pear trees that are fully two centuries old. For a time it was thought that perry pears would not grow elsewhere. When the National Fruit and Cider Institute was started at Long Ashton, all the best known varieties of perry pears were propagated there. When time came for distribution it was found very difficult to induce anyone in any other county than those in which perry pears were known to be grown to plant a perry pear orchard. However, I

had faith in the pear, and taking privilege of my rights as a member I secured a number of the trees and planted what was the first young perry pear orchard in Somerset. Subsequently, through the kindness of the Board of Agriculture and the Bath and West Society, I was enabled to obtain a further batch of trees. As the planting was to be of an experimental nature, different methods were adopted. The soil was one of those red, tenacious clays, and it nearly broke the hearts as well as the backs of the labourers to dig the holes out. The trees were not obtainable before January, and those who have had experience of the weather conditions of 1909 and 1910 know what handling clay soil then meant. The trees had to be got in. Well, we tried to tread some of them firm; it was useless. Those trees have not grown a bit, only formed fruit-spurs. Then I tried planting the tree and turning in the wet soil on it, tying the tree firmly to the stake, and trying to firm the soil by treading it in later when it had dried somewhat. Those trees did not do well. There happened to be a strong wind in late February, and some of



Fig. 7.—CARVED WALNUT CHAIR.

the ties were broken and the trees worked a bit. I thought they were ruined; half of the trees were headed back and half left as they came from the nursery in 1909. In the autumn of that year the trees that had worked were the best; the soil had

evidently shrunk from the roots of the two or three that had been tied tight. These died, and the whole of the trees that had been headed back had made practically no growth at all. In 1910 the planting conditions were even worse. E. W.

ON THE GREEN.

By HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

THE HOYLAKE SCRAP-BOOK.—III.

WE begin the third instalment from the Scrap-books of Hoylake with rather a melancholy picture, the club-house at Formby after the fire, or, rather, still on fire, for in the foreground there may be discerned a gentleman energetically attacking the ruins with a hose. A new and still more glorious club-house has long since arisen at Formby, where there is golf of the very best to be played upon some of the smoothest of turf and among the biggest of sandhills in the world of golf.

Next comes Mr. John Ball in the uniform of the Denbigh Yeomanry, with which he served in South Africa, whence, after eighteen months' campaigning, he returned home unscathed to receive the very warmest and most tumultuous of the many welcomes that Hoylake has given to her best-loved golfer. Mr. Ball ought by rights to be visible also in a later picture, which represents the most dramatic shot played in the most dramatic of all amateur championship finals, the match at Prestwick in 1899 between Mr. John Ball and the late Mr. F. G. Tait. Mr. Tait's shot out of the water has been described before, but here we have, for the first time, as far as I know, a picture of the stroke actually being played, and so I may perhaps be pardoned for retelling the story of the match

and the shots. In the morning round Mr. Ball was in one of his less successful moods upon the green; he made sad work of the short putts, and was at one time five down, although he managed to reduce Mr. Tait's lead to three by lunch-time. I remember that I had been at Troon in the morning, and it was during this luncheon interval that I arrived at Prestwick. The first thing I beheld was Mr. John Ball, with putters, cleeks and irons strewn around him on the green, attempting to acquire by strenuous practice some "tip" or some weapon that should make him hole out, while Mr. Hilton stood by as adviser-in-chief. Throughout the rest of the match he varied between a cleek, a driving iron

and a crook-necked putter, and on each green the caddie would bring out a veritable sheaf of clubs for Mr. Ball to take his choice, according to the inspiration of the



THE FORMBY CLUB-HOUSE ON FIRE.



MR. JOHN BALL OFF TO THE WAR.



THE SEMI-FINAL AT SANDWICH, 1900.
Mr. J. A. T. Bramston (driving) and Mr. James Robb.

moment. It was a curious plan, but it was successful, for Mr. Ball putted much better than he had done in the morning. The rest of his golf, moreover, was faultlessly accurate, whereas Mr. Tait's long game was rather erratic, so that the lead of three holes soon vanished, and all the way home there was a desperate neck-and-neck struggle.

And now I must skip on to the point when they came to the famous Alps, with Mr. Ball one up and two to play. The

big bunker on the far side of the Alps, as shown in the picture, was full of water, and in those days of the gutty a very fine brassey shot was needed to get home in two. The second shots therefore were infinitely critical. Both were good ones, but neither quite good enough. When we in the crowd rushed helter-skelter up to the green we found Mr. Tait's ball floating in the middle of the water, and Mr. Ball's lying on wet, hard sand close to the sleepers on the far side.

The excitement as Mr. Tait prepared to wade in was really terrible. The ball seemed to be rocking backwards and forwards ever so gently in the water, and I remember vividly Mr. John Gairdner, who was standing near me, crying out in an agonised voice "Wait till it stops, Freddie, wait till it stops." Finally the ball came out on to the green—a very fine shot it was—and then broke out a really tremendous burst of cheering. There never was a player quite so beloved by the crowd as Mr. Tait, and as he came out of the water amid that extraordinary enthusiasm, with his admirers stretching out hands as if to pluck him from a watery grave, he was for all the world like Horatius Cocles wading out of the Tiber after defending the bridge.

Meanwhile, long before the cheers had died down, Mr. Ball had likewise played a magnificent shot, and put his ball on the green. I cannot see his ball in the photograph, but I can see his caddie standing on the right beyond the water, and with the sand hard and the sleepers very abrupt it may be seen that his shot suffered nothing by comparison even with Mr. Tait's. That hole was halved in five, and Mr. Ball stood dormy one, but he lost the next hole, when his opponent holed a splendid putt for a three. Then came the thirty-seventh



AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP, 1899. MR. TAIT'S FAMOUS WATER-SHOT.

hole, and to show the acuteness of the excitement it may be mentioned that some of the Hoylake supporters could bear the strain no more, and retired to the club-room, where they waited palpitating to hear of what they dared not look at. They had not long to wait. Two fine drives followed by still finer iron shots—Mr. Tait's not a very lucky one—left both balls on the green, Mr. Tait's some way off, Mr. Ball's within six or seven feet of the hole. Mr. Tait laid his ball practically dead; then Mr. Ball with some implement—I rather think the iron and not the putter—struck his ball as clean as a whistle, and in it went. The greatest of all finals was over.

This was the last championship in which Mr. Tait played—he was killed at Koodoosberg in February, 1900—and the third picture shows another very brilliant golfer who died all

too young—the late Mr. J. A. T. Bramston. It is an admirable photograph, the capless curly head and that curious low finish, with the wrists turning over as if trying to steer the ball back into the straight path, being eminently characteristic. Johnny Bramston came up from Winchester to Oxford in October, 1899, and was one of the famous Oxford side of 1900 that crushed Cambridge by 69 holes to nothing. We all knew he was a good golfer, but most of us did not know quite how good he was till the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society's tour to Westward Ho! at the Easter-time of that year. There in one short week of team matches he beat Mr. Hilton by three holes, Mr. Humphrey Ellis by four, Mr. John Low by five and Mr. Hutchinson by an even more striking number that I decline further to specify. It was a wonderful week's work, but more was to come, when he went to Sandwich for the Amateur Championship. He tied for second place to Mr. Maxwell in the St. George's Cup, and then began to mow down his opponents in the championship with ease and regularity, till he came across Mr. Robb in the semi-final. He stood one up with four to go, when suddenly and unexpectedly he topped his ball with a mashie straight along the ground into the bunker guarding the fifteenth green, and from that fatal moment he topped practically every other shot till he was beaten by 2 and 1. It was an extraordinary collapse of one who, one might almost say, had never been nervous before in all his life.

I do not think that after this he was ever quite so good a player again. In 1901 he did not play in the championship, but he came to Hoylake in 1902, and played for England in the first International match. It was not very long after this that he first fell a victim to the illness from which he died, and which he bore so cheerfully and pluckily. Opinions about golfers are bound to differ, and I can only say personally that for pure natural genius for the game I always rank Johnny Bramston right up at the top of the tree among the very select and very few. It is idle to attempt to say what he might have done if he had been well instead of ill, but at least he had some very great golf in him.



MR. TRAVIS' CHAMPIONSHIP AND MR. HUTCHINSON'S JOKE.



A SPEECH BY MR. EDWARD BLACKWELL.

Now we come to one of those rather amusing and rather painful scenes that take place annually after the amateur championship, when medals are presented and speeches made. The place is Sandwich and the year is 1904, the year of Mr. Travis' great triumph. Mr. Hutchinson, at any rate, appears to be quite contented with his bronze medal. I wish I could remember what was his "splendid original joke," but, like that in Calverly's poem, "now it has flown." At any rate, it amused Mr. Mure Fergusson much, who may be seen positively chortling in the foreground, and also Lord Northbourne, who stands beside the championship cup.

Mr. Blackwell looks rather like a Syndicalist orator inciting to deeds of desperate violence, but, as the Scrap-book tells me, he is really saying, "I did my best, but was beaten by good play." It is an excellent saying, and a very true one; when we think of that final we are apt only to remember Mr. Travis' miraculous putting, but the rest of his game was also quite admirable. Two spoon shots that he played up to that little narrow second green through a strong cross-wind I shall never forget as long as I live.

Last of all we come to Mr. Harold Janion and Mr. John Low cheerfully surveying mankind from in front of the Prestwick club-house. B. D.

SIR ROBERT HAY.

MR. ATHOLE HAY writes me a very pleasant letter, incited by some account given of poor old Crauford of North Berwick, in one of the articles on the Hoylake Scrap-book. Mr. Hay is a son of that very famous golfer of a bygone day, Sir Robert Hay. "Robbie" Hay and his "baffy" spoons formed a combination that was nearly unbeatable by any amateur about the date when the "guttie" ball was just taking the place of the feather-stuffed ball. So, at least, I used to be told, and I used to regard Sir R. Hay's performances with hero-worshipping eye when he deigned to come down to Westward Ho! and win the medal there. We had good fields in those far-away days—Sir Robert himself, Mr. George Glennie, Mr. Buskin, Mr. Adamson and other brave men who lived, like Agamemnon's predecessors, before they had the *sacer vates*, that is to say, the confounded newspaper man, to prattle about them as I prattle now.

A STORY ABOUT "BIG CRAUFORD."

What Mr. Hay writes is this, and it is good and characteristic of a type that has almost vanished: "Some years ago, the year before old Crauford went to the ginger-beer booth, I went to North Berwick with an English friend. I went down the first morning to the tee and met old Crauford. He asked me whom I was playing with, and I told him. His reply was: 'Weel, I canna' let ane o' your name be beat by that lang-leggit Englishman, an' I'll carry your clubs the mornin' roun' for you.' And so he did, and I think, if memory serves me correctly, I won every round. The old man allowed me no choice of club, but handed me the club I had to play with, and nothing would



MR. HAROLD JANION AND MR. J. L. LOW.

induce him to give me the one I wanted if he did not agree with the choice. My friend once turned on Crauford at the end of a round and said: 'It is not Mr. Hay that wins the match, it's you, Crauford.' The only reply was, 'I ken that weel.' I always laid Crauford five shillings to nothing against myself. He would only carry the morning round, but always met me on the green of the last hole, and asked how I had fared in the afternoon. I believe that that summer he took the ginger-beer booth. At all events, when I returned to North Berwick the following Easter he was not carrying clubs, and I was told he had given it up altogether."

POINTS IN THE STORY.

I like the story immensely. It is so typical of Crauford and of the class of caddie that has gone, never, we may be pretty sure, to return. Nevertheless, though I like the story and all the humanity of it, the feudal attachment of the man to the great and good name of the golfer and his family, I do not at all regret, for the pure sake of golf, that the type is gone or fast going. It is humorous, and for the victor it is moderately satisfying, to gain matches thus, obeying, like a good little boy, the caddie's dictates. But is it, after all, quite golf? Should not a man be able to play the game out of his own head as well as with his own hand? I think so. Also I always think there was much pity due to the opponent of one who had a henchman of the Crauford type carrying for him. As a rule, such an one as Crauford, being masterful, would frighten the other caddie away from the hole every time, so as to stand himself at the pin—a glowering presence making it almost fatefully impossible to putt the ball on the right line if you were sensible that the influence emanating from it was malign. On the other hand, the suggestion of such a powerful personality aiding the player was almost too strong in favour of one. I think—though I regret the human documents that are perishing with these departing caddies—that the pure game is no poorer by their loss.

I am by no means sure it would not be a good legislative measure if an Act of Parliament were passed to forbid the carrying of clubs by all except children—that is to say, by all between the ages of fifteen and of qualification for the Old Age Pension.

SIR ALEXANDER KINLOCH.

Quite lately another son of Sir Robert Hay, Mr. "Bertie" Hay, well known on many a golf course, has died, quite young; and a co-patriot, though by no means contemporary, in the Lothians, recently gone is Sir Alexander Kinloch, succeeded in the baronetcy by Colonel David Kinloch, whom all golfers know. There was a time when all golfers knew Sir Alexander. He was very typical of the old school, of which Sir Robert Hay was a past master. Sir Alexander never arrived at the same high skill, but he was the steadiest of partners in a foursome, and knew the game in and out. I have the kindest recollections of his goodness to me personally, when I went, as a boy and a stranger in the land, to St. Andrews. It is he, I think, who is putting in that picture by the late Mr. Thomas Hodge in the "Badminton Book on Golf," entitled "A Good Caddie." This again was a good caddie of the old type, here seen pointing for his master (so-called) the line of the putt—these were the days when the club might be set on the ground in order to point that line, a very wicked misuse of the privilege—Taylor, who lost his arm in some piece of farm machinery, and in his latter days was caddie master to the Royal and Ancient Club, an excellent man.

H. G. H.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

AT a time when Parliament is engaged in an unprecedented controversy, it must be interesting to cast one's eye back over the Parliamentary proceedings of the last fifty years or so. We are helped to do this by the publication of *Parliamentary Reminiscences*, by William Jeans (Chapman and Hall). Mr. Jeans was engaged altogether for forty-five years in the Press Gallery at Westminster and, therefore, has had a unique opportunity of watching the comedy or tragedy played by those shifting bodies of actors who keep up the play in the House of Commons. There is a considerable advantage in revising our impressions by comparison with those of a journalist. The latter stands in a position altogether different from that of the politician. For the partisan, be he never so just-minded, is almost bound to have his eyes more or less clouded by his political tendencies. Even when he tries to write with fairness of his opponents, he is apt to be unfair in an unexpected manner; that is, he carries generosity too far. His desire not to blame causes him to eulogise where eulogy is not deserved. The journalist, in one way, is to politicians what the mercenaries were to the mediæval army. He is, as a rule, paid to produce copy for a publication

with a very definite shade of politics. Particularly is this the case with such provincial newspapers as those for which Mr. Jeans habitually wrote. There is always the local question and the local Member to be thought of. On the other hand, the journalist, seeing so much of both sides, comes generally to regard politics with a very disinterested air. He sees that virtue and vice are fairly divided between the parties as they are in human nature. He learns that the stern, unselfish patriot is rare and that in the political game intrigue and ambition play a great part. Thus, at the end of a long period of service it is generally found that his enthusiasm has worn thin, but his shrewdness greatly increased.

Mr. Jeans certainly has lost nothing owing to the ripeness of his experience. While disclaiming any intention of writing a Parliamentary history of the period, he nevertheless is a good Parliamentary diarist, a scribe who chronicled the doings of each Session as they occurred. In the *personnel* of the House he has witnessed many changes. He joined the Press Gallery in 1863, when, as he says, domestic politics were in a very quiescent condition. Between 1863 and 1865 there was not a full-dress debate on any great question of domestic interest. Three only of the men who were sitting at that time are alive

to-day. They are the Earl of Wemyss, Lord St. Aldwyn and Lord Eversley, "whom I remember as a somewhat lively and frisky Radical below the gangway." The sixties and the early seventies were days of less strenuous politics than we have got accustomed to. Counts-out were very frequent, and moving the adjournment of the House was a common practice. These were the years in which Palmerston was Prime Minister and Bright was in his prime, while Cobden had not ceased to take a lively interest in politics. In 1870 Mr. Gladstone began that period of strong legislation with which his name has become associated. In that year were introduced the first Irish Land Act and the English Education Act. It is worth noting that the Irish Land Act occupied only fifteen days in Committee, and that was considered in those days a very unusual time. The Education Bill, under the charge of Mr. Forster, had a rather stormy voyage through the House. In the next year, the chief measure was that for regulating the organisation of the Army and abolishing the system of purchasing commissions. It was introduced by Mr. Cardwell, whose name was then as familiar in the mouths of people as, say, that of Lord Haldane is now. In 1872 the Address was carried in one night, a practice that had prevailed up to that time, but was soon to be ended. In 1872 occurred the famous Dilke controversy. The present generation is scarcely aware of the Republicanism that has been openly professed from the middle of last century onwards. Sir Charles Dilke at one time was its most conspicuous exponent, and his attempt to have an enquiry into the Civil List, or, in other words, the income and expenditure of the Sovereign, was keenly resented. In that year Mr. Barclay made the first attempt of which we know to form an agricultural party in the House of Commons. It numbered only three. Mr. Jeans tells us how

Mr. Barclay, on the eve of a division, went to Mr. Glyn and told him that the support of himself and his two friends depended on the Government giving a promise to support a certain proposal in the agricultural interest. "Go to h—!" was the short and decisive reply of the Whip, and the agricultural party was at once blown into its original elements.

The Irish University Bill formed the chief business in 1873. The Bill was rejected by a majority of 287 to 284. Mr. Gladstone resigned and Mr. Disraeli was asked to form a Government, but declined. He had no idea of the great victory that was awaiting him in 1874. It was in the sixties and seventies that a Woman's Suffrage Bill was a regular Parliamentary annual. In those days it used to be laughed out of the House by Mr. Leatham, a brother-in-law of Mr. Bright:

Everyone delighted to have a hit at Mr. Ayrton, and Mr. Leatham admitted that it might be an advantage to have a blooming and agreeable First Commissioner of Works, but what would become of some great Bill if the Attorney-General eloped with the Solicitor-General, or if public business was brought to a standstill by the *accouchement* of the Prime Minister?

Robert Lowe is almost forgotten now, but we are indebted to Mr. Jeans for preserving what he thinks the best version of the epitaph which that famous Chancellor of the Exchequer wrote on himself:

Here lie the bones of Robert Lowe,
A treacherous friend, a bitter foe.
Whither his restless soul has fled,
May not be thought, much less be said.
If to the realms of peace and love,
Farewell to happiness above.
If to a place of lower level,
We can't congratulate the devil.

Mr. Gladstone resigned the leadership of the Liberal Party in 1875, and Lord Hartington reigned in his stead. Mr. Jeans does not give any elaborate history of the manner in which he acquitted himself of the duties involved by the position. The great Tichborne trial found its echo in the House of Commons, owing to the fact that Dr. Kenealy got himself elected for Stoke-on-Trent. If he had been at all bashful, he would have been embarrassed by the fact that when he walked up the floor, with his umbrella in one hand and his hat in the other, he had not the usual sponsors, but was received in dead silence. Mr. Parnell made his first appearance during this Session, and his first attempt to speak was a complete failure.

I remember well [says Mr. Jeans] Mr. Butt trying to cheer on his new recruit, but it was no use. Mr. Parnell hesitated, stuttered and stammered, and finally sat down, evidently with much of what he intended to say undelivered. He seemed to be suffering from House of Commons fright; but if that were so I need not say it was a disease from which he rapidly and completely recovered. Mr. Parnell never became a great parliamentary speaker, but he soon learned to address the House with clearness, force and confidence.

With the Session of 1876 comes the controversy about the Queen's new title, Empress of India, and in that year Disraeli withdrew from the House of Commons and passed to the House of Lords as the Earl of Beaconsfield, his place as Leader of the Party in the House of Commons being taken by Sir Stafford Northcote. When Parliament assembled in 1878,

the world was excited by the Russian successes in the Balkans and the threatened advance of their army on Constantinople. In those days Russia was the bugbear of England, just as Germany now is, and there were moments when it seemed as though war were inevitable. The year 1879 was remarkable in many ways. It was cold and wet, and yielded that bad harvest which led the way to the huge importation of foreign wheat, which caused English agriculture to be depressed more than a quarter of a century. Our affairs in many quarters were also troubled. Disaster had occurred in India and in Africa. Sir Stafford Northcote had laid himself open to Mr. Gladstone's criticism on the question of finance, and the political world was violently shaken and agitated. Parliament was dissolved in 1880, and the Liberals were returned to power at the head of a vast majority. How that majority dwindled away is told by Mr. Jeans in his own painstaking style; not by analysis, but by chronicling the daily events which little by little sapped the vigour of the Government. There was the Bradlaugh incident, over which they at least gained nothing in prestige; there was discontent in Ireland, with its concomitants of sedition and assassination in the country and obstruction in the House of Commons; there was the growth of the clever and ingenious Fourth Party, led by Lord Randolph Churchill, whose fertility in devising means of harassing Ministers has never been excelled in the history of Parliamentary Government. Mr. Jeans brings his narrative to a close in 1886, when Mr. Gladstone had fallen owing to his surrender to Home Rule; but he must still have a very interesting story to tell, and we trust that in a subsequent volume he will carry it on to the day of his retirement from active work in the Press Gallery.

THE UNDERGRADUATE.

The Compleat Oxford Man, by A. Hamilton Gibbs, with Preface by Cosmo Hamilton. (Skeffington and Son.)

YOUTH is the predominating characteristic of this book. It is seen in its gay irresponsibility, reckless love of fun, a happy carelessness of outlook; the writer may be congratulated on having written a book about a place which, as Mr. Cosmo Hamilton says in the preface, has been, is, and will be one of the few places in England which sets up the *cacothés scribendi*. The life described is that with which we are all familiar, and yet the freshness and vivacity of the author's mind has made it look young and new. The plan of the book, if it can be said to have any, is to describe the various sides of the life of an Oxford student in a series of essays, each of which deals with a particular theme, such as "A Fresher's Wine," "The Stranger's Debate," "Trial Eights" and so on. The author's sympathy is very largely with the athletic and moving side of Oxford. From his own account, he seems to be no mediocre performer with the clubs, and his interest in football, rowing and the like is unwearying. That he did not confine himself to bodily accomplishments is evident by the nervous energy of the style in which he writes. This, as a great poet once said, did not come to him in his sleep. It speaks both of hard reading and the intellect that is able to digest it. Needless to say, his account of Oxford life is bright and sanguine. There is scarcely any feature which he condemns outright, except dull lectures and uninteresting debates. On the other hand, he makes out a good case in favour of many things that are not generally regarded as conducive to the welfare of the University. For example, he gives an extremely pleasant and amusing story of ragging, in which those who rag win our sympathies completely and the ragged have reason to complain of nothing except a lesson which they very much needed. We are afraid, however, that ragging is not all done in this highly delightful and innocent manner. Few of the essays are serious at all, but occasionally the author shows that he has thought to much purpose of many things connected with the University. Reflection, however, comes only as a pleasant contrast now and then. Generally speaking, the tone of the book is pleasant and gay, and it loses nothing by the writer's addiction to that curious form of University slang which consists in adding the affix "er" to every word where it is possible, such as *rugger*, *sportier*, *giggler*, *dyvvers*, *cornstagger*. Those who have been to Oxford will read this book with a feeling of thankfulness to one who has been able to reproduce so genially its pleasantest characteristics, and those who have not had that advantage will be none the less charmed by a picture which is at once funny and human.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.

Passion-Fruit, by E. Charles Vivian. (Heinemann.)

THE author of *Passion-Fruit* seems to have been in some uncertainty as to the real character of his heroine, Isabel Stanley. He prepares at the beginning of his novel an elaborate defence of her actions, and, later on, abandons the reader to uncertainty as to the full extent of her ill-doing. The story is a devious and sordid one. At its outset it discovers for us Isabel Stanley, though still in her teens, refusing for the most sophisticated reasons the young love of Gerald Lathom, an engineer, whom she has casually met at a seaside resort. Lathom falls out of her life, and later reads of her marriage. Some years pass, and he is sent out to India, on behalf of the firm to which he belongs, accompanied by a younger man, named Stevens, who is in the position of probationary *fiancé* to the daughter of a couple named Conway. At Lucknow, Gerald Lathom meets Isabel Stanley again; she is now Isabel Ashburnham, and her husband is for the time being in Singapore. Lathom introduces Stevens to Belle; she takes a fancy to him, coquets with him, finally subjugates him; then, in a moment of remorse, attempts his disillusionment. Stevens, who meantime, for her sake, has endeavoured to break with Jessie Conway, returns to England, invalidated after an attack of enteric. There follows an attempt to take up the threads of his old life, his old affections; but, on the eve of his marriage with Jessie, this is suddenly abandoned when he receives news of the death of Cecil.

Ashburnham. He returns to India and to Isabel Ashburnham, a character with whom the reader never comes to complete understanding. Her attitude of mind is too complex and exasperating, possibly owing to the author's own vagueness as to her real entity. Jessie Conway, her predecessor in the affections of Wilfrid Stevens, is altogether a less shadowy, if somewhat uninteresting, conception of womanhood. The story itself is good enough, and betrays originality of thought, coupled with a certain realistic prosaicism that rescues certain necessarily emotional incidents from the threatened degeneration of commonplace tragedy into lurid melodrama.

When God Laughs, by Jack London. (Mills and Boon.)

THE greater number of these short stories by Mr. Jack London come under the heading of "powerful." Several of them, such as "Semper Idem," "Make Westing," "Just Meat," "The Chinago," though clever, are extremely harrowing, and it is a pity a writer of Mr. London's talent should have included the fragment "The Francis Spaight," which, if it has its prototypes in fact, is unwarrantably cruel and horrible when presented as fiction. We like Mr. London better when not expending himself over grim realism, or even in the mood which produced the slight thing, one of the lighter tones in the volume, "A Nose for the King."

The Malabar Magician, by F. E. Penny. (Chatto and Windus.)

"THE MALABAR MAGICIAN," by F. E. Penny, is not, strictly speaking, a novel. It is an exceedingly interesting and admirably connected series of pictures of the conditions of forest-life for the Anglo-Indian. The scenes are laid on the West Coast of South India, and the magician of the title-page figures largely in the narrative. But it is about Lawrence Hillary, Inspector of Police, and the little native group surrounding him, that the interest moves, and it is with considerable sympathy and constant betrayal of a careful observation of native characteristics and habits that Mrs. Penny makes her effects. Events come and go as the story proceeds easily, and never is a sense of reality lost. The book is altogether a pleasing one, and should commend itself to many readers.

The Man Who Stroked Cats, by Morley Roberts. (Eveleigh Nash.)

OF the five stories in this volume, *The Man Who Stroked Cats* is perhaps the best. Quite simply and naturally it develops from the gay and disengaging lightness of a little whimsical episode, drifting inconsequently through the emptiness of a preoccupied young man's life, into a charming and very tender imaginary excursion into the way of a maid with a man. "Jack the Painter," a tale of stolen diamonds, is, on the other hand, a piece of irrepressible humour, full of unexpected surprises, which are sprung delightedly upon the reader by the author right up to the story's end. Jack, although an out-and-out ruffian, is a villain of parts; his bland impudence and effrontery, his sublime sense of injury under discovery and his deft turning of the tables on his captors are

inimitable. "The Splendid Lover," too, deserves mention, bubbling over as it is with kindly humour and pointed, but never harmful, wit. These stories, though occasionally touched with sadness, are a happy little company deserving appreciation.

O'ER FIELD & FURROW.

THE BELVOIR.

IN common with most Midland packs, the Belvoir will probably close the season early. Not only does the wet weather make this desirable on account of the farmers. Grass beginning to grow in the spring is certainly not improved by the galloping of some hundreds of horses; but, as we all know, a change of Mastership is impending, and a retiring Master always wishes to throw up his horses and prepare them for sale. When the Belvoir horses come under the hammer the sale will be an event. The quality and power of the stud at Woolsthorpe are remarkable. Sir Gilbert Greenall is noted as a judge of hunters, and when I saw them there were certainly a remarkable stable of hunters of the grass-country stamp. The Belvoir Hunt horses are a standing proof of the fact that we can breed good horses. If a man has judgment and a full purse, it is still possible to find hunters of the right stamp. I hear that the testimonial to Sir Gilbert and Lady Greenall is to take the form—surely the most satisfactory—of a painting. The Master and his wife will have a lasting memorial of a very happy time, and the engravings enable us to recall days of sport under their control. Then, too, the partners of the chase, the horses and hounds, can be included in the picture, and will be particularly appropriate memorials of a Mastership which has been marked by the breeding and entering of some of the greatest foxhounds of hunting history. Sir Gilbert has raised foxhound-breeding to a height of excellence such as we had never before seen, and one which it will tax his successors to keep up. Nevertheless, we remember that he is to be followed by one of the family to whom we owe the Belvoir hounds, and by a young Master noted for his keenness. It is not known whether Mr. Bouch has had much experience in hound-breeding, but he has hunted hounds in two countries, and no man would undertake the Mastership of the Belvoir unless he was resolved to master



BATH AND COUNTY HARRIERS: AMONG THE WALLS.

this delightful science. The new Masters have decided to appoint Jack Hewett, hitherto first whipper-in, as huntsman. He, too, is an unknown quantity, but he knows the country, the hounds know him, and if he is an observant man and a student of pedigrees, as every huntsman should be, he will not fail to have learned a great deal while under Ben Capell. The last-named returns to the scene of his former successes, and becomes huntsman of the Blankney under Mr. Clayton Swan. Those who recall that gentleman's Mastership of the Morpeth and recollect the improvement he worked in the kennel there and the sport he showed in the field will know how fortunate the Blankney Hunt is. All that is wanted to make his Mastership a success is a longer tenure of office than his predecessors'.

Changes are bad for any country, and the Blankney have had several both in the Mastership and the huntsmen in recent years. The Belvoir have been doing well lately in their Lincolnshire country. This is, to my mind, one of the best of hunting countries for sport. There is, of course, some plough, and the fences are, even in the arable districts, rather uncompromising. It is essentially a country for a hunter, and the man who rides over it successfully should be able to sit still and give his horse some rope at his fences. A very little interference will put a horse into some of the big, well-dug ditches. Last week's hunt from Sherbrooke's Covert was quite a typical one. That too common nuisance of the Midlands, a couple of sheepdogs coursing the fox, made the start a bad one; but Capell held the pack over the foiled line, and near Long Clawson the hounds fairly settled down to run. The fox, however, had a start, made good use of his chances and was lost near Colston Bassett. Mr. Knowles' good covert of Kaye Wood was near, and a bold fox went away, and hounds fairly hunted him to death by Stathern Point.

PONY-BRED HUNTERS.

The recent Pony Show at Islington included a number of animals which, besides their possibilities as polo ponies, had some good performances as light-weight hunters to their credit. In and round all our moorland countries a good many of these hunting cobs and ponies are bred, and the same is true of Wales. There is no doubt that from these half-bred pony mares many full-sized hunters are bred, and, indeed, I have known several horses so bred which are capital hunters. One bred near Exmoor I often see carrying a lady one or two days a week, handy and untiring and perfectly good tempered if not over-fed. Too much corn seems to go to his head. Another, bought from the neighbourhood of the Welsh mountains, was absolutely untiring and did not know how to fall; but he was inclined to be a little headstrong at his fences, probably the result of bad riding. Once let this horse see a fence, and if hounds were the other side, you had to follow;



BATH AND COUNTY HARRIERS: A SMART HACK.

are all akin, the first and last named all having some Eastern blood in their veins.

THE WEST KENT.

Next season Mr. Kidd, the Master, means to hunt the hounds himself. The West Kent is not a very easy country; there are some big woodlands—round Mereworth, for example—there is a good deal of very stiff plough, and one good but narrow strip of vale near Wrotham. Hounds must hunt and the huntsman must allow them to do so and yet be quick to snatch an advantage over his fox when he sees a chance of doing so without taking hounds off their noses. Killing foxes is the test of huntsman and hounds, and in West Kent, as I recollect, it is a severe test.

CHANGES OF MASTERSHIPS.

After all, the report about the Waterford turns out to be incorrect, and Mr. Barron will not take the hounds. I suppose the wish was father to the thought, for the arrangement would have been excellent. In South Devon, Mr. Brunskill goes on, and this is doubtless best for the country. Lady Craven gives up her private pack of foxhounds; but her harriers will hunt as before. Mr. Horsfall remains Master of the Bilsdale. To my mind the Burton, which is still vacant, is one of the most attractive of countries. Of course, there are difficulties and a good deal of plough; but with all deductions the fact remains that it is a most sporting country. The sport during the last two months has been quite first-rate. I would ask nothing better than to buy the present pack and hunt the country with them.

THE CATTISTOCK.

The cream of the day on Wednesday—and sport has been so good in this country we can afford to pick and choose—was a fast half-hour from Resnedy right through Grange Woods to Woodfalls. The latter part of this was in the Vale. There was a third run (one fox had gone to ground in the morning) in the evening, over a nice line by Hillfield; but scent did not serve so well as it had done earlier in the day.

X.

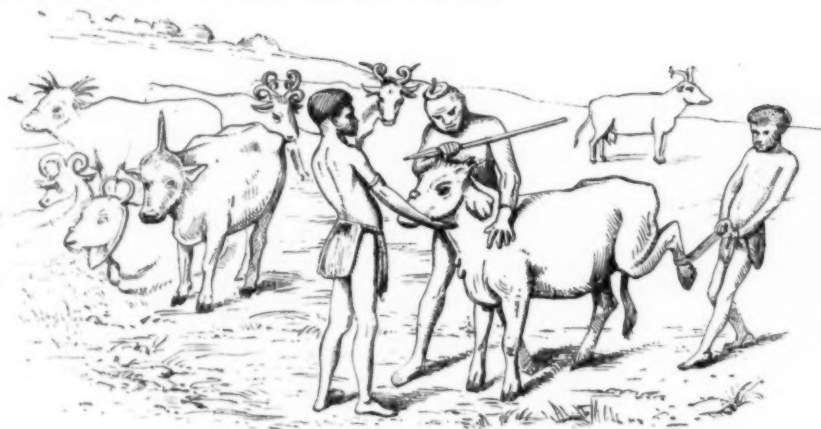
if the pack turned back, he was over back again almost as quickly. Consequently, to avoid trouble, he had to be ridden a little wide of the hounds. In yet another instance a favourite pony bred a filly foal to an Arab; this filly had a colt foal when rising four, the sire being a King's Premium horse. For staying power, sweetness of temper and courage, I never knew his equal; he was keen, but very pleasant to ride, and would do the work of two horses with nearly fourteen stone in the saddle. His master seldom went home before the hounds. I have frequently found when a horse is noted for soundness and staying power that it is possible, by close enquiry, to trace him or her back to pony ancestry. Pony and Arab and thorough-bred are long-descended lines of blood and

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HUNTING OF THE YALE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—After I had written the article on "The Yale," which appeared in your last number, Mr. Leonard Huxley drew my attention to a passage in Wood's "Natural History," London, 1868, Vol. I., page 67, in which are fully described the habits of the Kaffirs (who, of course, live at the opposite end of Africa from the Dinkas), in mutilating their cattle. I venture to make a somewhat lengthy abstract, including a drawing taken from a rather poor woodcut, which, however, suffices to show not only the bizarre way in which the horns of the cattle are treated, but what appears to be a young calf actually undergoing treatment. But before doing so may I take this opportunity to say that Mr. Thomas of the University Library tells me that the form *eale* in Pliny may represent a classical spelling *aeale*. The suffix seems to show that it came from a Greek form which would be *αιαλη*. The final "η" in Greek generally comes from an earlier *a*, and the earlier form of the word would be *αιαλα*. This would be an exact transliteration of the record which occurs in Syriac, and in the Aramaic of the Talmud. This would seem to show that the word came to Pliny, or his Greek authority, from a district where Syriac was spoken, i.e., Asia Minor rather than Egypt. I might, perhaps, also take this opportunity of correcting one or two minor mistakes which have crept into Mr. G. C. Druce's learned article on "The Yale," which appeared in the *Archæological Journal* last autumn. Mr. P. B. M. Allen of Clare College has drawn attention to the fact that J. E. Cussans, in his "Handbook of Heraldry," ed. i., 1868, has the yale as the "bagwyn." This word is Welsh—the source of Cussans' information has not been found, in spite of much search. On page 176 Mr. Druce states that the yale is not mentioned in any early heraldic treatise; but John Bossewell, in his "Works of Armorie," 1572, describes it. The woodcut he gives is incorrect, and the shield described is fictitious. On page 189 of Mr. Druce's article, in the footnote, "1695" should read "1645," and in the same note, later, Mr. Druce is wrong in saying "all having the same kind of horns," quoting Westlake. The following is the quotation from Wood's "Natural History of Man": "But, in some parts of the country, he lavishes his powers on the horns. Among us the horn does not seem capable of much modification, but a Kaffir, skilful in his art, can never be content to leave the horns as they are. He will cause one horn to project forward and the other backward, and he will train one to grow upright and the other pointing to the ground. Sometimes he observes a kind of symmetry and has both horns bent with their points nearly touching the shoulders, or trains them so that their tips meet above, and they form an arch over the head. Now and then an ox is seen in which a most singular effect has been produced. As the horns of the young ox sprout they are trained over the forehead until the points meet. They are then manipulated so as to make them coalesce, and so shoot upwards from the middle of the forehead, like the horn of the fabled unicorn. Le Vaillant mentions this curious mode of decorating the cattle, and carefully describes the process by which it is performed. 'I have not yet taken a near view of the horned cattle which they brought with them because at break of day they strayed to the thickets and pastures and were not brought back by their keepers until the evening. One day, however, having repaired to their kraal very early, I was much surprised when I first beheld one of these animals. I scarcely knew them to be oxen and cows, not only on the account of being much smaller than ours, since I observed in them the same form and the same fundamental character, in which I could not be deceived, but on account of the multiplicity of their horns and the variety of their different twistings. They had a great resemblance to those marine productions known by naturalists under the name of stags' horns. Being at this time persuaded that these concretions, of which I had no idea, were a peculiar present of nature, I considered the Kaffir oxen as a variety of the species, but I was undeceived by my guide, who informed me that this singularity was only the effect of their invention and taste; and that, by means of a process with which they were well acquainted, they could not only multiply these horns, but also give them any form that their imaginations might suggest. Having offered to exhibit their skill in my presence, if I had any desire of learning their method, it appeared to me to be so new and uncommon, that I was willing to secure an opportunity, and for several days I attended a regular course of lessons on the subject. They take the animal at as tender an age as possible, and when the horns begin to appear they make a small vertical incision in them with a saw, or any other instrument that may be substituted for it, and divide them into two parts. This division makes the horns, yet tender, separate of themselves, so that in time the animal has four very distinct ones. If they wish to have six, or even more, similar notches made with the saw produce as many as may be required, but if they are desirous of forcing one of these divisions in the whole horn to form, for example, a complete circle, they cut away from the point, which must not be hurt, a small part of its thickness, and this amputation, often renewed and with much patience, makes the horn bend in a contrary direction, and, the point meeting the root, it exhibits the appearance of a perfect circle. As it is certain that incision always causes a greater or less degree of bending, it may be readily conceived that every variation that caprice can imagine may be produced by this simple method. In short, one must be born a Kaffir and have his taste and patience to submit to that minute care and unwearied attention required for this operation, which in Kaffir-Land can only be useless, but in other climates would be hurtful. For the horn, once disfigured, would become weak, whereas when preserved strong and entire it keeps at a distance the famished bears and wolves of Europe.' The reader must remember that the words refer to France, and that the date of Le Vaillant's travels was 1780-1785." This very elaborate treatment of the horns practised by the Kaffirs of South Africa, as described above, is in advance of anything I have been able to find among the Dinkas. There apparently they only train the horns fore and aft, in the manner described in last week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE. I ought to have mentioned in my article that the last three

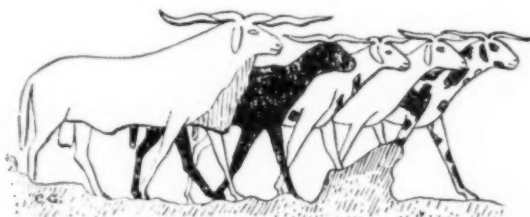


KAFFIR OXEN WITH ARTIFICIALLY-TWISTED HORNS.

beautiful photographs with which it was illustrated were taken by Mr. Palmer Clarke of Cambridge.—A. E. SHIPLEY, Christ's College, Cambridge.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The figure of a supposed four-horned ram given by my friend Dr. Shipley on page 426 of his article on the yale in your issue of March 23rd is, I venture to think, susceptible of an altogether different interpretation. In pre-Pharaonic and early Pharaonic times the domesticated sheep of the Egyptians was one of the long-legged breeds, in which the horns form a closely-twisted spiral directed horizontally outwards from the head. This is illustrated in the accompanying figure from Messrs. Lortet and Gaillard's description of the mummified fauna of Egypt published a few years ago in the Archives of the Lyons Museum. Early in the Pharaonic epoch these long-legged sheep disappeared from the Delta (although kindred breeds still survive in other parts of Africa), and were replaced by a fat-tailed breed with horns of the Ammon types. A comparison of the accompanying figure of the long-legged breed with that of Dr. Shipley's supposed four-horned ram will show at a glance that the horns of the former are identical with those of the latter, which must apparently be regarded as a "composite" animal, possibly commemorating the replacement of the long-legged by the fat-tailed breed. This interpretation indicates that the upper pair of horns in the figure reproduced by Dr. Shipley



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN LONG-LEGGED SHEEP.

are of a perfectly natural type and in nowise "faked." A curious feature in the illustration is the addition of a goat-like beard to the chin of the ram.—R. LYDEKKER.

THE BLACK-HEADED GULL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The dark cap of the "black"-headed gull changes from white in a few days; the feathers are not moulted, but simply turn colour. Mr. F. O. Norris mentions one which in the Zoo took only five days to complete the process.—CARRIE PERCIVAL-WISEMAN.

AN OLD DORSET CUSTOM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I read with interest the account given in COUNTRY LIFE of the old custom in Dorsetshire on "Pancake" day (Shrove-tide). I well remember the cottagers closing the outside shutters to their windows on that day for fear of "Panshards" being thrown. It brings to my mind another old custom which took place on St. Thomas' Day, when young people and children went to the houses with a bag saying: "Please, ma'am, I've come beggen agean Christmas." Food was given them—"truckle" and "sour milk" cheese being in great demand, also cider apples and sometimes coppers; in fact, anything that could be spared.—M. HALLETT.

NO FIRCONES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Last year I had an enormous crop of cones on my trees, mostly austriaca, which I continued to pick up till late in the summer. But this winter I have had no cones falling from the trees. Surely if there were going to be cones, they would have come into existence before that great heat; but they did not. Is it possible that the trees are exhausted after the prolific crop of the year before? I have known it happen to apricots.—A. F. POPE.

CHAINED DOGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In consequence of a letter which you published in the "Correspondence" columns of COUNTRY LIFE describing a little comedy connected with a hen who laid her daily egg in the kennel of which a spaniel was the rightful tenant,

a lady has written that "she was much interested in the anecdote, but it distresses her very much to think that, from this letter, the poor dog is evidently chained up all day. She wishes Mr. Hutchinson would impress on the owner of the animal that no greater cruelty can be practised on a dog than depriving it of its liberty." I must have expressed myself badly, for, as a matter of fact, I know that this particular dog has a very good measure of liberty—fine runs over open ground every day. But there is every truth about the great principle conveyed by this letter—a very great deal of cruelty is inflicted on dogs by keeping them chained all day long in this way. There are many country cottages where the watch-dog is kept chained to its kennel or barrel the whole week through, except on Sunday, when the master is usually at home to take it for a walk. If readers of COUNTRY LIFE could persuade their poorer neighbours to give their dogs one daily run at the very least, they would do a truly humane work.—HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.



A FOX-TERRIER FOSTER-MOTHER.

OTTERS IN LONDON AND NORWICH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There are many who will read with interest the article by Dr. Francis Ward on the otter and its career as a pet in captivity. What a contrast to the sad end of the otter which came up the Chelsea Embankment on Friday to meet the fate of the over-venturesome explorer, being shot by "the man with the gun," surrounded by an excited mob, headed by the police! Strange to say, one which appeared in March, 1863, was also shot near the Regent's Canal when in search of food.—THOMAS FISHER.

A VERY OLD CANARY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may perhaps interest your readers who are lovers of the canary to mention the age—almost a record, I believe—to which mine attained. He died on March 24th; he was hatched about June, 1892, and was, therefore, about three months short of twenty years old. A beautiful songster, always in excellent health and spirits—due, no doubt, to the scrupulous cleanliness of his cage—very tame and companionable, hopping about the table at meal-times and "helping himself." Except during the last few months he regularly took his "cold tub" in the morning. He had not sung for a year or two, but used to "soliloquise" in a sort of low "cheeping" tone during most of the day, and often during the evening as well.—A. H. B.

A LOST MANCHURIAN CRANE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you kindly put the enclosed advertisement in your next issue? I had six of these Manchurian cranes. I did not pinion the one that has flown away, thinking it would never leave its mate, but on Saturday, the 16th inst., there was a regular commotion among them; they were all calling, and this unpinioned one got up, circled round, and when well up flew due north, calling all the time. I do not know whether it was a male or female, as it is very difficult to determine



MANCHURIAN CRANES.

their sex. I enclose a photograph which I took last year at this time.—HENRY MORRIS.

[The advertisement will be found on another page.—Ed.]

AN EARLY-NESTING ROBIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A robin's nest, containing seven eggs, which were duly hatched, was found in this neighbourhood on January 10th last.—W. E. JOHNSON, Herefordshire.

TWENTY-TWO PIGS IN A LITTER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am writing to ask you if you know what is the record number of pigs a sow has had in a litter. I own a sow which had twenty-two pigs in her last litter, which, I think, must be a record.—REGINALD CODDINGTON.

A FOX-TERRIER FEEDING YOUNG HARES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—M. Hugot is the owner of the Château de Ransart, Pas-de-Calais, France, situated in the midst of extensive grounds. One morning his gardener found a brood of three small hares, about a fortnight old. He brought them to the house, where it was decided to bring them up by feeding them on milk with a spoon. One day, while they were being fed, the dog jumped on the table, and instead of strangling them, as she was accustomed to do in the field, she smelt them and began licking them. At the sight of this, Mme. Hugot made the dog lie down and put the little hares in position to feed. To everyone's surprise the little hares began to help themselves, much to the delight of the bitch. After a few meals the bitch adopted her little friends and took as much care of them as if they were her own babies. In a few days she had an abundance

of milk, which enabled her to bring them up until they were full grown. Of the three little hares, two killed themselves in trying to escape from their cage; the third is alive and in good health. Another fox-terrier is an excellent fisher-dog, frequently plunging into the river and catching carp, eels and other fish, which he always takes to the kitchen. The bitch has never had pups and is a virgin.—G. H. BRANDT.

IN THE WILDS OF IRELAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A friend who has just returned from motoring in North-West Ireland tells me that eagles are still fairly numerous there, while in County Mayo he was fortunate in coming across, in their wild state, an eagle and two badgers. In another part of the county wild goats are to be found. The roads are very bad for motoring, and signposts are generally absent. The peasants in County Mayo had never, till my friend's advent, seen a motor, and many of them had never seen a railway or travelled by train. Living is very cheap there. Eggs can be bought for ninepence a score, chickens for a shilling and geese for two shillings each.—G. W.

A BRETON MONUMENT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—While travelling through Finistère in Brittany last summer I came across a very graceful little monument in a wood on the outskirts of Landernau. I made enquiries in the district, but, as is so often the case with our own village folk concerning an object of special interest in their midst, nothing was known about it. Possibly some of your readers may recognise the monument shown in the enclosed photograph and be able to offer some information.—W. G. M.

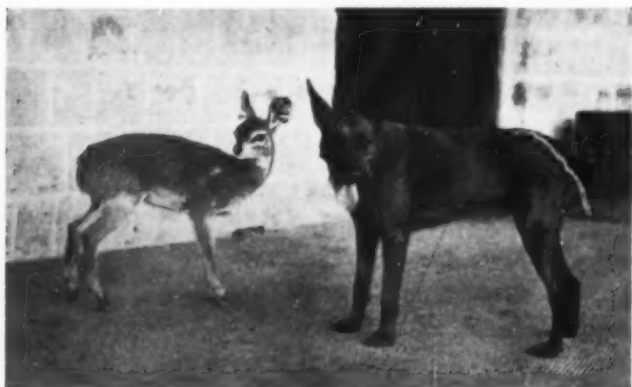


A WAYSIDE MONUMENT IN BRITTANY.

PETS IN SOMALILAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Far from the madding crowd of Suffragettes and strikes lies the little town of Berbera, about a day's journey by steamer, due south of Aden. From the harbour it looks very picturesque—the white houses glisten in the sun amid date palms, acacias and other trees, and about ten miles behind the town rise the first jagged range of khaki-coloured mountains, which stretch back for thirty miles to the crest of the Golis range. Naturally, the small white population, which rarely exceeds eight or ten in number, have little to interest them, except, perhaps, the Mullah's latest atrocity, and by way of diversion many of them keep pets, ranging from the cheetah down to the tiny gennet. Every evening three or four gazelle may be seen playing in the square, round which the houses of the residents are built; trotting, galloping and swerving about they are really delightful to watch, now cantering along with all four legs perfectly straight, then suddenly dashing off at full speed, jumping and swerving in all directions. Sometimes they are accompanied by the more graceful and smaller Pelzeln's gazelle, which is very like the Indian chinkara in appearance. In the verandah of one of the bungalows may be seen a desert fox, at present rather shy, having been only recently caught; in another a caracul or lynx, a beautiful little reddish grey animal with long black ears full of white fur, who plays all day long with a tennis ball or stalks the Irish terrier who



YOUNG KLIPSPRINGER.

shares the verandah with him. In another bungalow are a couple of peacocks as well. The pets, like the white inhabitants, are constantly changing—some die, some escape, and others arrive at various zoological gardens in the British Isles. During the last two years Berbera has seen two cheetahs, a lesser koodoo, a large number of gazelles of different kinds and a klipspringer, the most charming pet of all, who would spring up and turn completely round in the air before alighting on his diminutive feet again. He had various playful and pleasing ways. Daisy, one of the cheetahs, is now at the Regent's Park Zoo, also some of the gazelles. The second cheetah escaped, as did the gennet and a Pelzeln's gazelle. For those who care for the study of wild birds and animals this is a pleasant place; for those who do not, the hot summer, and warm winter must be extremely wearying.—W. MACREADY.

THE DIPPER'S NEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was most interested in the article on the dipper or water-ousel appearing in COUNTRY LIFE of March 16th. I think they are most interesting and cute little birds. I once watched a dipper's nest in the making. In the beginning of last April I was walking along the banks of the River Dee, near Llangollen, when I observed, laid upon the substantial branch of a large tree overhanging the river, a carefully-arranged flat round of small twigs. Leaving them severely alone, I visited the same spot a few days later, and around the twigs was built a wall of soft, green, dry moss and a partial covering over the top of the wall to form a roof. A week later the nest was completed, and bore resemblance to a lady's old-fashioned round muff, made of moss with a small hole at one side. The nest was some distance from the bank of the river, and I had to climb along the branch of the tree to get to it, the lining of the nest being of leaves and soft moss, and the opening was turned away from the direction of the prevailing wind. Later there were eggs, which were white. The shell was very transparent, and in some lights the egg had somewhat of an apricot tinge, due, no doubt, to the thin shell. This bird hatched her brood quite successfully, and I am anxious to see if she returns to her old haunt again this season, as I believe they are supposed to come to the same spot several seasons in succession. I have heard that dippers build above or near a waterfall, so I think on an overhanging tree branch was rather a curious place to select.—E. WALMSLEY.

FOOD FOR BLACKBIRDS, THRUSHES AND ROBINS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps your correspondent does not know blackbirds and thrushes are the earliest risers and go to bed the latest. They do not like



LESSER KOODOO, PELZELN'S GAZELLE AND SOEMMERING'S GAZELLE.

feeding with such aggressive, quarrelsome birds as starlings, being themselves aristocratic, refined birds, above clamouring for their food. If she will watch till the starlings have gone to bed, and then put fresh food for the thrushes and blackbirds, I think she will find they will take it eagerly. Besides chopped raw meat, she might try Quaker oats and a few sultanas or muscatels (raisins). They like fruit and I have seen them eat the mountain ash berries. If, too, she put some food out before the starlings are awake, the thrushes, etc., will come to it, but she should be careful not to let them see her at first, until they have become quite used to her. I have never known robins shy. They are generally rather bold and confidential. We have one that flew on to a boy's hand, and he was one we had not noticed or petted; but thrushes and blackbirds are more retiring and suspicious. I have often got them to eat by throwing to the starlings first; then, when they are busy, quietly throwing to the thrushes, etc., in another part.—A. F. K.

PLACES OF REST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The glimpses of the sun which we are all now beginning to enjoy make one look forward to, and think of, the summer holidays, which most business people eagerly anticipate. Some choose the busy fashionable resort, but I think for the City man a complete change is more beneficial, and so choose the picturesque and bracing seaside. What is nicer than the farm on the cliff top, with its fresh poultry, bacon, butter and eggs! and there are numbers of these beautiful spots, but the difficulty is to find them out, and so I shall be pleased if I may through your valuable paper obtain this information from some of your readers, and shall be pleased to exchange addresses and have also several photographs of one or two such places which might be interesting to any of your readers who are also on the look-out. I shall be pleased if any reader can recommend a bracing seaside spot on the West Coast of Scotland surrounded by mountain and loch.—FRANK EDWARDS.

A "SANCTUARY KNOCKER."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The fourteenth century bronze ring handle at St. Nicholas Church, Gloucester, of which I enclose a photograph by Miss Marian Silverston, is one of the finest examples of what are wrongly known as "sanctuary knockers." It is generally believed that a fugitive from justice was safe only if he clung to one of these rings, but the efficacy of "sanctuary" began as soon as he was inside the churchyard gates, and did not depend on the ring. In two recorded cases the rights of sanctuary were disregarded by the pursuers and the fugitives haled to prison, though they were, when found, clinging to the ring on the door. Moreover, in no case save the famous ring of Durham, replicas of which are now sold so freely in curio shops, is there any evidence that a boss was provided on which the ring could be knocked. The design of the Gloucester example was originally responsible for this "sanctuary knocker" legend. It was thought that "the head of the fugitive is represented enveloped in his hood, with tongue protruding and breathless with haste, escaping into the church from behind the animal's head." This it certainly is not, and there seems more reason for regarding the design as indicating a devil carrying to the infernal regions a soul who puts out his tongue to reach a bunch of grapes hanging above his head.—F. S. A.



THE SANCTUARY KNOCKER.